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THE AMERICAN.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE observance of the Fourth showed no decay of patriotic interest in either North or South, but a lack of novelty in the character of the commemorative performances. Even the fireworks had a sameness about them which shows that American ingenuity has not entered this field to any notable purpose as yet. The two Chinese laundrymen in Trenton who set off ten thousand fire-crackers, big and little, at once, were typical of the average wrestle to make something impressive out of materials not sufficiently varied.

The chief speaking of the day was at Woodstock, where Senator Hawley replied to the pessimistic address of Bishop Potter at the Harvard Commencement of the week before. It would seem as though the Bishop had been intoxicated by the applause the Mugwump newspapers bestowed on his ill-considered remarks at the New York Centenary of last year, and had set up as the national Jeremiah in a way which does little credit to his judgment or his insight into American conditions. There are serious faults in the public life and the personal morals of the American people; but nothing could be more discouraging to those who are fighting for their amendment than to exaggerate these until reform appears hopeless. It is not our habit to "prophecy smooth things;" we have been fighting for reforms for ten years, and trying to make our sinners as uncomfortable as possible. But nothing but ignorance of the history of this country can excuse any one for speaking of our present as below our past in regard to the great things which constitute the highest national welfare.

MR. HARRISON was expected to celebrate the day by a proclamation admitting Idaho into the Union. As he found that the law provides for the addition of a new star to the national flag on the Fourth of July next following the admission of a new State, he signed the bill on the Third, that the Idaho star might be added along with those of the other four States in the North-west. But for a delay in the Senate, Wyoming would have been included also, so that six stars would have been added bringing the number up to forty-four. That will come next time.

There is reason to doubt if any of these six new States, with the exception of South Dakota, should have been admitted at present. The equal representation of States in the Senate makes it a very serious business to bring a whole batch of small States into the Union. No State should come until it has as many representatives in the House as in the Senate; and even then it would be no injustice to require it to wait before empowering it to outvote such commonwealths as New York and Pennsylvania in one branch of Congress. The effect of such admissions has been illustrated already in the action of the Senate on the Silver bill; and before this session is over we may have other reasons to regret the over-hasty action of the Republican majority in hurrying territories into the Union. This is all the more probable as Idaho and Wyoming are pretty certain to elect Senators who will act with the silver men and become bound by their bargains.

State government is much more costly than that of a territory, and some of these Western communities are much too poor to pay for any government that will be really effective. North Dakota has been bankrupted by becoming a State, which is the reason for the hopes of the Lottery people that they might set up their nuisance on her soil, if driven from Louisiana. It now appears that there is considerable danger of this even if the Louisiana Lottery should obtain a renewal of its charter, as there are plenty of unscrupulous capitalists ready to embark in this in-

famous business, if they can find an opening. It certainly would be a curious anomaly for a Prohibitionist State to permit this cancer to find room and protection within its borders.

In the discussion of silver much stress has been laid upon the assumed fact that there has been a decline in the amount of our circulation, which requires immediate measures to keep our supply of money up to the demands of business. It is true, as Mr. Windom himself pointed out, that we must do something to replace the loss by the cancellation of our national banking currency, as the payment of the national debt is extinguishing it. On the first of this month it amounted to only \$181,619,008, a loss of \$25,601,624 in the last fiscal year. It also is true that we have lost gold this last year, through adverse balances of trade, to the amount of our whole annual product of that metal and \$1,659,101 besides. But in other respects there has been a gain more than compensating these losses, and increasing the circulation of coin, treasury notes, and gold and silver certificates by the amount of \$49,572,326. If we estimate the population at sixty-four millions, we have \$22.32 a head in coin and paper money. To this might be added the "money of account" in the shape of bank-credits, which is employed for the discharge of the debts created by wholesale transactions. So that we cannot be said to be suffering from a money famine. What we most need is a better distribution, so that the West and South will get more.

As we feared, the compromise reached by the conferees of House and Senate on the Silver bill is a measure which embraces some of the objectionable features of the legislation proposed by the silver men, although much less likely to be mischievous than was their Free Coinage bill. It provides for the purchase of 54,000,000 ounces a year on Government account, with the proviso that if this amount cannot be had at the rate of one dollar for 371.25 grains, the Treasury may buy less. The purchase is to be made by the issue of silver certificates, which are to be a legal tender for all payments, public and private, and are to be redeemed only in gold or silver coin, and not in silver bullion. For the present fiscal year the Treasury is to continue the coinage of silver at the rate of \$2,000,000 a month at least, but after the first of July next it is authorized to coin that amount which may be needed to redeem certificates. Besides, the Treasury is relieved from keeping its reserve fund for the redemption of national bank-notes.

The first noticeable thing in the compromise is that the demand that silver shall be treated only as money and not as merchandise, is practically abandoned. After the end of the present fiscal year the Treasury will be receiving on deposit great quantities of silver bullion, not an ounce of which will ever be coined. As the present supply of standard dollars is far beyond the public demand, the silver certificates will be much more wanted than the dollars; and the metal they represent will accumulate uncoined in the vaults, just as the standard dollars now do. At present the Treasury and its branches hold \$297,210,018 of these silver coins, which the public will not take off its hands in that shape, but prefers to have in their place paper representatives called silver certificates. This amount increased last year by forty millions. No Secretary of the Treasury will be under any necessity to coin more, and if one whose sympathies went with the silver men should do so, he would be wasting the money expended on the minting operation. So the bill treats silver as merchandise, just as distinctly as did Mr. Windom's plan.

The great fault of the bill is that it stakes the value of the currency it provides on the effect of the measure on the price of

silver. If our purchase of a larger amount of that metal should bring silver up to the 1:16 ratio, then the certificates will be worth as much as our gold coin. If it should fail of that, then we shall go on manufacturing a duplex currency, with the certainty of getting rid of the \$500,000,000 of gold we now have, through its export to countries which do not systematically undervalue it in their currency laws. It is a big amount to stake on a peradventure.

THE Senate has been discussing the two bills for the promotion of our merchant marine which Mr. Frye reported from his committee. The ineffectual character of the Senate rules is shown in the fact that the defeat of the Blair bill and the adoption of the Free Coinage bill are the chief achievements of the body at this session, and that it has the Tariff bill and several appropriation bills on its table untouched. The Shipping bills are the half of the new Protective legislation which was left to the Senate to originate, and the committee having the matter in charge got in its report early and in good shape. But thus far there has been nothing but talk, although the measure is not a purely partisan proposal. There are Free Traders who would fight the McKinley Tariff bill, but are ready to support any reasonable measure for the restoration of our flag to its old place on the seas. Mr. Hugh McCulloch is an instance, and even Mr. Henry George seems to have reached the conclusion that the subsidy system of other countries leaves no choice but to meet bounty with bounty, although he would abolish every custom-house in the world. In the South every emporium of commerce,—possible or actual,—is ardently supporting the bill, which probably will get a good number of Democratic votes on its final passage.

THE Tariff bill, the National Elections bill, and the Rivers and Harbors Appropriation bill are competing for the attention of the Senate, as soon as the Shipping bill is out of the way. The Republicans, or at least so many of them as have not entered into the Silver coalition, are determined to give the Elections bill a fair chance. The appropriate committee has waived a reference to themselves on the ground that they have already reported to the Senate a bill of substantially the same character; and they have selected Mr. Burroughs of Michigan to take charge of the bill when it comes up for discussion. Mr. Burroughs is a man of energy, and in his hands the measure will get fair play. But nothing but the final vote will test the truth of the report that the silver Senators sold their votes on this bill (whose passage is demanded by the national platform of their own party), for votes from the South for the Free Coinage bill.

THE State Department has been discussing the Behring Sea difficulty for some months past. So much we might have gathered from the blustering tone of the official newspapers in London, which have been assuring the world that the British Government "will stand no nonsense" from the United States. Thus far there has been no understanding reached, but Sir Julian Pauncefote thinks the matter urgent enough to require him and Mr. Blaine to occupy their vacation in New England in the interchange of diplomatic notes on the rights of Canadian fishermen to take seals, as though they were fish instead of being amphibious animals domiciled on our islands. On the other hand the British Government has sent a number of ships of war to those waters for the "protection" of the Canadians, which is an offensive step. These ships could do nothing whatever if one of ours seized a Canadian sealer. The seizure would simply open the way for a demand for restitution and compensation. But a forcible rescue of the sealer would be a gross offense against international comity, and might lead to war. In fact it would be attempted only when it was intended to force on war.

THE struggle for the rights of our Indian wards is an unending one. Every bad precedent set in past years is conjured up to

justify fresh aggressions, and the notion that the Indian has no rights which may stand in the way of the convenience or the interests of the white man, seems to find general acceptance in some parts of the country. The last Naboth's vineyard that has been coveted by the white Ahab is the Ute Reservation in Colorado; but it is a sign of the times that the advocates of its confiscation plead that if the Indians were removed to Utah it would serve to advance them in civilization by bringing them into contact with the Navajos. Mr. Walsh, who has visited the Navajos recently, answers this argument by showing that they are far from being a civilized tribe, their only advantage over the average of the Indians being their possession of herds of cattle, by which they support themselves without help from the Government. And he very aptly suggests that the plea assumes that the Navajos are more improving company for the Utes than are the white people of Colorado. Still it is something to have the enemies of Indian rights plead the need of civilizing agencies to the Indian. Even if it be not honest, yet "hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue."

There are some four thousand of these Utes in Colorado, and the Reservation in the Western part of the State is probably larger than they make any use of, although, as they are on a very low level of industrial development, they need much more land than even a cattle-tending people such as the Navajos. But the Reservation was secured to them by treaty in 1868, when its mineral wealth was not yet known.

KANSAS has been an especial sufferer under the "Original Package" decision of the Supreme Court. Before it was a day old the Missouri brewers had opened negotiations for agencies in all the principal towns and cities of the State. The distillers followed this good example, and shipped cargoes of pint and quart bottles of their whiskey. The brewers, who had begun with kegs, entered into competition as to size of these "original packages," until a twenty-five cent bottle of beer is offered everywhere. So the thirsty are relieved after ten years of abstinence, and no one has any right or power to interfere, for although a large number of "agents" have been arrested, the United States Circuit Court has set them at liberty again, in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court that the State has no jurisdiction.

MASSACHUSETTS has been profoundly stirred by the discovery that there is a Lobby connected with its Legislature, and that corporations seeking legislation are in the habit of employing the services of professional lobbyists to draw the attention of the members to their bills. It is not in evidence that anything more or worse than this has been done; yet the matter has occupied the space of the newspapers and the time of the Legislature in a large measure for weeks past.

The truth is that all legislative bodies are more or less surrounded by this sort of volunteers, some of whom are the representatives of very worthy causes. Mr. Garrison used to praise Mr. Whittier as the best lobbyist in the Abolitionist ranks. Mr. Eggleston is the lobbyist at Washington in behalf of the Copyright bill, and is said to be paid for his services, as is quite proper. A bill not thus supported is apt to slip out of mind, unless it should enlist the enthusiasm of some member of the legislative body, or should be taken up as a party measure. Of course this is a pity; but we must take men as they are, and be thankful when a lobby confines itself to its legitimate functions of pressure on the attention of members.

THE cloak-makers' strike in New York is of unusual interest as concerning a class of workers almost as helpless as the laborers in the East-End of London. This is one of the many industries which are carried on in New York by small capitalists, and are very badly remunerated. The people it employs are mostly workmen imported from central and eastern Europe, to the exclusion of the ill-paid American needle-woman. The wages they

have been getting are so insufficient for their needs, that they have been driven to resistance. When they struck in some establishments, they were locked out in others; and their sufferings have been such as to lead to riotous disturbances, in which many were badly beaten and some shot. At this writing it looks as if they would carry their point.

MR. BARNUM is not exactly the man whom we would choose as the champion of a controverted creed; but those who have observed his career closely know that there is another side to the man than the show business and its almost unavoidable humbug. He has long been one of the champions of Temperance and of Prohibition in his own State, and has signalized his attachment to that platform by personal sacrifices. He also is a prominent man in the Universalist denomination, and it is its doctrines he has been defending against Orthodox criticism. He thinks the general trend of Bible teaching is in favor of the final restoration of all intelligent beings to holiness and happiness, and he supplements this by an appeal to the Divine Word witnessing in the hearts of mankind, and embodying its utterances in the best songs and prayers of the race. The retort that the sect has lost ground since 1860, while the American Churches of the other faith have gained, he meets by showing that the statistics of 1860 were quite misleading. At that time the Universalist body was in an unorganized condition, without recognized tests of ministerial or congregational standing. Any preacher who disbelieved in hell, and any gathering that assumed the denominational name, was put down on the list. The era of closer organization began in 1865, and a body nominally smaller but really more effective now constitutes the recognized Universalist Church in America.

Besides this the main doctrine of the sect is taught in many pulpits outside the denomination, notably in those of the Episcopal Church. And, as Mr. Barnum says, all the Churches have changed their attitude towards the question of future punishment, although it is not true that all are "putting the doctrine in the back-ground." The change is in the shift of conception as to the nature of punishment. The old idea of it as a penalty specifically inflicted by a divine sentence on individuals is giving way to that of something incurred by the operation of spiritual law. In place of Dr. Watts' verse,—

One touch of His avenging rod
Will send young sinners quick to hell,

it is recognized that the future state and condition of the wicked and the good will be determined as absolutely by their character as is the floating of a cork or the sinking of a bullet by the law of gravitation. So long as the fact of human freedom is fully recognized, there can be no certainty that all men will finally turn to God. But the loss of the highest bliss, that for which our human nature was fitted by its creation, will be purely the act of the man who refuses it.

Another great change in the Churches is a growing agnosticism as to the condition of the human spirit after death, and its possibility of recovery. The Andover notion of a second (or rather of a continued) probation for the heathen is right on line with the deepest and most influential doubt as to the adequacy of the old theological theories. This is a point on which the Orthodox Churches must either learn tolerance or lose many of their best men.

DR. JOHN BASCOM holds probably the highest place among the educators of Wisconsin. He has filled, with distinguished success, the place of President of the State University, where he exerted no ordinary influence over its graduates. He enjoys a national reputation as a teacher and author. He came back from his present home in Massachusetts to address the graduating class at Madison this year, and he subjected the decision of the State Supreme Court in the matter of Bible-reading in the schools to a keen criticism. He was very happy in his denial of the sectarian character which that decision seeks to fasten on the book: "The

Bible is to sectarian opinions what water is to specific drinks—it is the body of all of them, but has the peculiar qualities of none of them. It is the chief classic of English literature, the farthest-reaching and most forceful historic record. It is superior to all other books in its power to stimulate intellectual productiveness. It has been the most potent element in the development of our race and nation." And it is this book alone that Wisconsin lays under the ban. "We have no list of excluded works. We single out the Bible alone for the special indignity."

THE case of Dr. Burtzell, the parish priest of the church of the Epiphany in New York, is of importance as bearing on the whole position of Roman Catholic clergymen in this country. As this country cannot enter into a Concordat with the papal See, the Roman Catholic Church in America is on the footing of a "mission," and not that of a national Church. As a consequence its clergy have not those canonical liberties and immunities which belong to them in most parts of Europe, but are more directly subject to the authority of their superiors the bishops and archbishops. A beginning has been made of permitting some of them to attain to the standing of irremovable pastors on passing severe examination in practical and scientific theology, after they have served a specified number of years as parish priests. There are nine such pastors in New York city; but Dr. Burtzell, although a learned canonist, has not the good fortune to be one of them.

At the time of Dr. McGlynn's breach with Archbishop Corrigan, Dr. Burtzell did not conceal his sympathies with the former, whom he advised to go to Rome and prosecute his case before the Propaganda. It was through his course in this matter, and his testimony in court that attendance at Anti-Poverty meetings was no violation of the laws of the church, that Dr. Burtzell became involved in controversy with the archbishop. Indeed, he has been recognized as a general champion of priests who got into trouble with their diocesans, as in Father Lambert's dispute with Bishop McQuade of Rochester. What exactly was the charge formulated against him does not appear in any of the published accounts, but the Archbishop decided to remove him from his large city parish to a country charge at Rondout. Against this he appealed to the Propaganda, but it is said that the Archbishop has been sustained.

This is but one of a host of symptoms that the position of the lower clergy in the Roman Catholic Church of this country is becoming intolerable. In a country where no one is respected or can respect himself unless he possesses as much liberty as is consistent with his professional obligations, the priesthood are denied the liberty accorded in Bavaria and Tyrol, and are placed under a personal supervision, which was designed only for missionaries on the foreign field. As a consequence there is no country where the Roman Catholic priesthood count for so little in general society, in proportion to their abilities and character. They are regarded one and all as instruments in the hands of their superiors, and not as responsible and free agents. For its own sake, no less than theirs, the Church must find a way out of this.

ALMOST every summer we have an attack on the belief in the existence of the disease known as hydrophobia. This year it has been unusually loud and vehement, coming (as always) from the lovers of the canine race, who possibly can reconcile their consciences to keeping dogs only by denying facts for which the evidence is simply overwhelming. The usual ground for the denial is that those who have died of the alleged disease are such as had their minds full of stories about hydrophobia, and who, on being bitten by some innocent beast, worked themselves into a nervous condition, in which the simulation of the traditional symptoms was inevitable. It is not explained why little children, who never had heard of hydrophobia, have died with all the usual symptoms after being bitten by a rabid animal; nor why cows and other dumb animals have developed the same symptoms and have died in evident agony. In our own city a boy of six died of unmistakable hydrophobia last week. He had been bitten by a

strange dog, but the wound had healed, and nothing more was thought of it, when the terrible sufferings of the hydrophobic patient set in, and lasted four dreadful days before he was released by death.

In England there is a proposition to extirpate the disease by requiring the muzzling of every dog in the kingdom for a period longer than is needed to develop the disease. This, combined with a prohibition of the importation of foreign dogs, might result in stamping it out. But the very suggestion of such a measure has set the dog fanciers rabid, and not all the weight of men of science like Prof. Huxley suffices to overcome their opposition. So the annual sacrifice of human lives to the comfort of the dog must go on in England as elsewhere.

THE process of unifying the States of Central America into a federal republic seems to have met with a backset in the death of President Menendez of Salvador, and the overthrow of the government of that State by a revolution. The three northern States are those which have given federation their lively support, and their presidents are said to have formed a plan to keep in their own hands the presidency of the federation, and to coerce the two southern States into accepting it. But the revolt of San Salvador against its president has thrown the numerical majority on the other side, leaving Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and San Salvador arrayed against Honduras and Guatemala. At the same time the party in revolt have invoked the help of Mexico, which is jealous of the preponderance of Guatemala in Central American affairs, and has interfered before now to restrain it.

This seems to be a case for an "American concert" of action to restore peace on an equitable basis. It is the interest of both the Central Americans and of Americans generally that these five States should unite in some equitable compact or federation for the maintenance of peace and efficient government; and also that this should be effected with the most careful regard to the rights of all parties. Here is a problem for Mr. Blaine, whose solution would go far to convince the continent of the value of the Pan-American association of free States, and of our own good faith in our professions of desire for thre welfare.

IN France they are still agitated by the prospect of the McKinley bill becoming a law. That the policy of Protection, to which the French have committed themselves, is one which justifies the passage of the bill, does not seem to have dawned on the French. It is a question of industrial retaliations, according to them, when we undertake to make at home everything we have been buying from France. As a matter of fact the French have acted simply with regard to French interests from first to last, and they are quite welcome to do so, so long as they treat our products just as they do those of other countries, and avow their real reasons for this. We have no right to resent a prohibitory duty on our pork and lard, for instance; but we do resent the hypocritical pretence that the prohibition of this importation is because they are unwholesome. So the French Senate has just voted a prohibitory duty on Indian corn and corn-meal. This is all right, so long as our corn is put on the same footing with that of other countries. If France can do without it, let her shut it out. And as we can do without French silks, we shall treat them in exactly the same way. There is no reason for ill feeling on either side, until it is asserted in the French Senate that the prohibition of pork and lard as unwholesome is a mere pretense and that Protection is the real object.

Similarly Germany has adjusted her Tariff without the smallest reference to our wishes or interests, and has condescended to the same stigma on our hog-products as unfit for the food of her people, just as England shuts out our cattle on pretense of foot-and-mouth disease, when the real purpose is to befriend British landowners, who have been turning their grain fields into pasture lands. Protection is a manly policy. This other is just as un-

manly as the laws to exclude Western beef from some of our States on the grounds of the demands of public health.

THE British Post-Office has been celebrating the semi-centennial of the adoption of Rowland Hill's scheme of a penny-postage. It is true that all the Post-Office authorities opposed the innovation to the utmost, and that its author was forced on them by Parliament. But to the British Post-Office belongs the credit of bringing down the charge for the carriage of letters to a sum so trifling as to put correspondence within the reach of everybody. Formerly letters were charged according to the distance they were carried. We have before us a package of letters exchanged between Vermont and Philadelphia under the old rates. Each of them is written on one sheet of paper, which is so folded as to receive the address on the back. On each is written the receipt of the post-master for twenty-five cents. With penny-postage came the envelope and postage stamp, and it was an English inventor who conceived the happy idea of making the stamps easily detachable from each other by rows of small holes pierced in the paper. At first they were cut apart with scissors.

There have been serious compensations along with the gains from penny-postage. It has often been remarked that correspondence in the old style has come to an end with the increased facilities for writing frequently. Probably the newspapers have had as much to do with that as cheap postage. Quite as serious is the diffusion of a habit of fibbing about delays in answering letters. We have been at pains to examine a large number of published correspondences as to this point, and we find that the utmost variety of ingenuity is employed to discover excuses for not having written more promptly. Another drawback is the facility with which all sorts of people are enabled to make drafts on the time of very busy people. The old tradition that it is boorish not to answer a letter weighs on the consciences of mankind. Time that might be much better employed is thus taken up by people who have not a shadow of a claim on their involuntary correspondents, and who would not be permitted to intrude on it if they came in person. Many a prominent man has to give up one evening a week or more to answering letters to which he ought to give no attention whatever.

THE general upheaval of badly-paid labor in London seems to have reached the people who are employed by the Government. Both the police and the letter-carriers have been on the strike. This is one of the most dangerous occurrences the Salisbury Government has had to face. The London police is under the control of the national government, and not that of the old municipality or the new County Board. It always has been assumed that the national authorities could keep it better in hand, and that the public interests of a much larger kind than those of the municipality were at stake in its control. But this experience seems to show that the national control is not the very best. No municipality in our times has had to face the possibility of a police strike, as has the British Government this week in London. Much of the trouble seems to have originated in the overbearing and unconciliatory temper shown by the members of the Tory Cabinet to their official inferiors. Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, has driven three heads of the police out of office by his domineering, and thus has done much to demoralize the whole force. This temper is natural to the Tories, who have not yet learned that in this age even a policeman is a human being, who resents treatment which impairs his self-respect.

THE defeat of Mr. W. S. Caine at Barrow is something more than another seat lost to the Government in the House of Commons. Mr. Caine was one of the ablest of the Liberal-Unionist party, and his secession from the adherents of Mr. Gladstone in 1886 was something of a blow to the Home Rule Liberals, as he had served his party as a "whip" in the House and had been prominent in its councils. When he resigned his seat to test the

approval of his constituents in the matter of his opposing the Government's License bill, Mr. Gladstone and other Liberals in the House were willing to condone his rejection of Home Rule, in the faith that he was moving in the right direction and would finally work his way back to pure Liberalism. But the local Liberals of Barrow would have none of him, although it was supposed that this was the only chance of preventing the election of a Tory. They would have a Home Ruler or nothing, and their decision is of importance as showing what a hold that policy has taken on the English voters. Mr. Caine's friends did their best for him, and they did succeed in polling a much larger vote than any one had thought possible. For once Cardinal Manning took a hand in politics, and urged the Temperance men to give Mr. Caine their support regardless of the effect on party. But it was of no use. Enough of the Home Rulers stood by their colors to elect their man by a plurality.

Even Mr. Smalley admits that the Tories were dismayed by the result, although he tries to minimize it by assuming that all the votes cast for Mr. Caine were those of Unionists. As a matter of fact they probably came equally from both parties, and if either contributed more than its share, it must have been the Liberals, as they had very little hope of electing their candidate Mr. Duncan, and as they are always more favorable to strong legislation for the restraint of the liquor traffic than are the Tories. There is good reason to believe that if there had been but two candidates in the field, Mr. Duncan would have been chosen by a heavy majority, as has happened in by-elections of the last four years in much more unlikely constituencies than Barrow. The busy iron and steel making town has had time to think out the problem Mr. Gladstone sprung on it in 1886, and it has come to recognize the justice and expediency of Home Rule.

THREATENED people live long. About once a fortnight for two years past the European news mongers have been announcing the impending overthrow of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Every fresh move in the international politics of Europe has been declared to be ominous of his removal from his principality. When the Czar went to visit any brother sovereign, or the Russian Chancellor had an interview with any other statesman, the end was near. The last disclosure is that the inability of Turkey to pay the war indemnity gives Russia just the hold she wants, and that the Sublime Porte will be obliged to kick Prince Ferdinand out of doors in order to placate its Muscovite creditor. As the Sultan had nothing to do with placing Prince Ferdinand where he is, and could not remove him if he would, this bit of prophecy is as likely to be fulfilled as its predecessors have been. We now hear that the Czar has selected a Swedish prince for Bulgaria, and that his accession is only a question of weeks. Meanwhile Prince Ferdinand goes on with the industrial development and political organization of his country, and the leader of the conspiracy to get rid of him is shot after trial, just as though his Russian employers were not in existence. It is quite among the possibilities that Ferdinand I. may outlast Alexander III.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK.

THE form in which the Silver Bill came out of the conference committee was sufficiently bullish, in the degree of currency inflation it should effect, to have greatly stimulated the stock market, if the latter had been in a condition to respond, but it was not. It was flat and dead, oppressed by the torrid heat of the weather perhaps. As the May rise of prices had been started on the prospects of silver legislation, or inflation, it might seem that the refusal of the market to rise from the level to which it had receded, after that advance, was an unaccountable eccentricity of speculation; but stock speculation is made up of just such eccentricities as that. The May rise was on expectation, which is usually considerably more potent in human affairs than realization; and when all had been got out of the market that expectation could produce, the late buyers who came in at the top had to sit down and wait for the realization. That has not come yet, and cannot come until the volume of currency has actually been en-

larged by the operation of the new law. Meantime the process of waiting is apt to be trying, and weak, timid, or disgusted holders sell out, which is what they have been doing; while big operators who could lift the market are apparently unwilling at this time to make a decided movement. The fact is, there are really no leaders in Wall street who can command a big following. Mr. James R. Keene could do it had he the millions he had in 1879 and 1880; but unfortunately he has not. His resources are limited, and he has to confine his attention to a few things. To handle the whole market requires capital large enough to take care of many things.

The depressed tone of the London market has much effect here. The financial crash in Argentina, so long expected and deferred far beyond the time thought possible, appears to have come at last. A general toppling down of the artificially reared structure of credit and speculation may be expected to follow; and the process of liquidation will go on as it did in this country after the smash-up in 1873. The London traders have had the facts forced on them by bank suspensions, which admit of no dispute, and uncover the whole situation. They have been selling our securities with the others, and the fact made itself apparent in a rise in exchange rates, which after the recent special exports of gold had considerably weakened. Money rose in London also. The weak condition of the foreign market, making it pretty certain there would be little support from there if ours were attacked, emboldened some of the bear operators to raid it, and they succeeded in weakening the prices of a number of the leading stocks at the very time when the prospect for the Silver Bill becoming a law was most assured. St. Paul was hammered without mercy, and some long stock was undoubtedly shaken out. The road has been unfortunate lately in suffering heavily from floods, which greatly damaged the line, impeded traffic, and reduced gross earning from that, while the net earnings are cut down by the heavy cost of repairs. But the stock will not move far, because none of these temporary disasters will disturb the large English pool holders. They are where they are to stay.

The earnings of the Atchison Company continue to increase on a scale which causes some wonder what the other roads serving very much the same territory can be doing. Is the Missouri Pacific, is the Rock Island, making these enormous increases over last year? The Atchison gross earnings in June showed a comparative increase of over half a million. The aggregate since Jan. 1st foots up for the six months \$15,157,000, an increase over the same period last year of \$2,880,000. The last six months of the year should be better than the first. If the large increases were in net earnings only, a trick would at once be suspected, since net earnings, within a pretty wide margin, are very much a matter of bookkeeping. But gross earnings are not susceptible of such manipulation. What are the other roads doing? If Missouri Pacific is increasing its earnings in anything like the ratio the Atchison is, the present price of the stock is absurdly low. No one believes it is. Nothing that Mr. Gould has control of in the market is ever allowed to sell below its intrinsic value for long.

The industrial stocks are very quiet. Sugar stock has done little since the decision against the organization given by the Court of Appeals. The trustees are considering schemes of reorganization. It is said they have engaged new counsel, which might seem a necessary precaution, since in their original organization they paid an eminent practitioner a very high price for very bad law. Lead trust has been a little active and stronger on reported large earnings made recently. Temporary interest was given to Cotton Oil stock, which has been lying dead for months pending reorganization of the trust, by the appearance in the newspapers of lawyer George Bliss as counsel for some individuals who are trying to make the insiders in the trust buy them out at a higher price than they (the insiders) think they ought to pay. If Mr. Bliss's statements in court are as correct as the one he made in the newspapers in this case, it is no wonder he was so badly beaten as prosecutor in the famous Star Route trials.

The one thing which seems a sure purchase now, in the opinion of some of the old hands in Wall Street, is silver. They think it is bound to go to 115 and over.

EIGHT YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

IN 1882 the Republican State Convention nominated for the governorship a soldier of the War, a man of estimable character and so high in esteem that when he obtained the nomination four years later his election was a matter of course. But the nomination of 1882 was tainted by the manner in which it had been conferred. It was understood that Mr. Cameron had promised it beforehand to General Beaver in return for political services rendered at Chicago in 1880; and this suspicion was confirmed by the zeal displayed by the Senator's friends in working up the selec-

tion of delegates to the State Convention. In several cases no County Convention was called to choose delegates, but the choice was made by the County Committee, in disregard of the rules of the party. And by a notable coincidence, this always occurred where Mr. Cameron's friends had the control of the Committee, but there was room to doubt what the Convention might have done. On these grounds the Independent Republicans contested the nomination before the people, and Gen. Beaver came short of an election by 40,000 votes.

It would be unjust to both Gov. Beaver and Senator Cameron to say that the present situation is parallel to that of 1882. Mr. Cameron has been a very poor representative of the interests of the commonwealth in the national Senate. He has been dictatorial and unscrupulous in politics. But the suspicion of personal dishonesty and breach of trust does not attach to his character. His alleged bargain with Gen. Beaver was of a political rather than a personal kind. The Governorship was not promised in return for a "loan" of money to pay election expenses or anything of that sort. The *quid pro quo* was on a higher level, even although not exempt from grave and deserved censure. And, as we have said, apart from this alleged bargain, the Republican candidate was a man whom the State might well desire to honor, as a gallant soldier, and whose reputation, apart from his dealings with the Senator, always had been excellent.

To-day it is a much worse situation which confronts us in Pennsylvania. The nomination of Mr. Delamater was secured quite as much by the exercise of undue and corrupting influences as was that of General Beaver in 1882. The choice of the Republican party was General Hastings, whose admirable record at Johnstown had brought him strongly before the public. That nomination has been prevented by political manipulation as unscrupulous as ever defeated the popular will. And the responsible author of that manipulation is a man whom it was found necessary to "vindicate" in the platform from charges of being an accomplice in a grave breach of trust towards the Commonwealth. The Convention found it necessary to declare that "as State Treasurer. . . he has won and retains our respect and confidence." That is the pith of the wordy resolution which rehearses the offices which have been filled by Matthew Stanley Quay. Yet every one in the Convention knew that this man stood charged with being an instigator and accomplice in a breach of trust on the State Treasury; that the charge had been brought with such fullness of detail and so specifically, that no man who cared a jot for his own good name could afford to ignore it, unless he knew it was true. More than this, many of the Convention, including the author of this very "plank," knew all about the bad business before a word was said in public. To any one inside the politics of Pennsylvania, the "revelations" of the *World* and the *Evening Post* were "John Thompson's news," and had been such for years. Besides this the Convention knew that this is not a matter in which only Democrats and Mugwumps have taken an interest unpleasant to Mr. Quay and his friends. A score of leading Republican newspapers all over the country had joined in demanding that Senator Quay should meet these charges, and this demand had been met with a silence which could suggest but one explanation.

Such is the bestower of the nomination to the governorship of the second commonwealth of the Union. The Republican party ask the manufacturers and merchants of the State to step upon a platform in which it is written that the Republican party cherish unshaken "respect and confidence" in a man whose name is smirched with unanswered charges of being an accomplice in a breach of trust. This is a request the business community will find worth pondering. This very offense is the easiest and the most prevalent of its class. Our rapid additions to the population of Canada have grown out of just such crimes, as this. Every business man who votes for the Republican candidate this year, votes to make light of such crimes and to exculpate his clerks and cash-

ier if they are detected in them. Even an explanation on Mr. Quay's part would come to late now to avoid that fair inference. This "vindication" was pronounced when he for months had preserved a deathlike silence as to charges which assailed his honesty and trustworthiness. It is nothing more or less than an utterly cynical declaration that personal honesty is a trifling consideration in view of the man who nominated Mr. Delamater, since uncontradicted charges of dishonesty do not weaken their "respect and confidence" in the political leader, at whose hands they have accepted their candidate.

The candidate is worthy of the patron. If we had to choose between Mr. Quay and Mr. Delamater as candidates for the governorship, we should be unable to make any selection. The latter is the incarnation of the huge monopoly which has strangled so many smaller firms in its coils, and has secured control of the Oil business through the neglect of the State to do its duty by its citizens and by the country at large. The taint of worse than dishonesty clings to the whole combination. It has plundered the weak and crushed them with unsparing cruelty. It has thrust its hand into our politics and those of other States, wherever it could secure the election of any of its tools or agents to places of responsibility. It is the worst single agency of political corruption and business oppression in this country,—the gravest single danger to our political life from that quarter. Mr. Delamater is the representative and nominee of the Standard Oil Company rather than of any political party. Mr. Quay admits it will "take a great deal of money" to elect him, and every one knows that that money must come from the Company and from the railroads which are its vassals. It was the money earned by the Company which laid him under the obligation to bestow the nomination.

This is the man whom the Republican party put forward for the votes of the farmers of the State, at the very time when these are struggling for the overthrow of the monopolies which have been absorbing the fruits of their toil. How fairly he represents its spirit was shown when he was a member of the Legislature, and interposed all his influence for the defeat of those reforms in our system of taxation, which they were demanding for their relief. His attitude was not that of honest criticism and efforts to amend their proposals. It was unqualified and successful hostility to everything they asked. On the floor of the Legislature he was the embodiment of corporation insolence. If they did not remind him of this at the polls, they would be as inept as the business men who vote to condone breach of trust.

In opposition to Mr. Delamater we have Ex-Gov. Robert Emory Pattison, who is a much better candidate to-day than he was eight years ago. Then he was known to the people of our city as a Comptroller who had purged his responsible office of great abuses and had justified the confidence shown by the Independent Republicans in helping to elect him to it. Now he is before the whole Commonwealth as a man who filled the Governor's chair with honor and fidelity,—the only Governor of Pennsylvania who ever lifted a hand to restrain the corporate aggressiveness from which we have suffered so much. His record on the whole was most honorable to him and advantageous to the State. It especially served to rid the minds of the average citizen of the unreasoning dread of a Democratic governorship, which so long stood in the way of any reform of State politics. It exploded the preposterous notion that one party has such a monopoly of political wisdom and virtue, that it is unsafe to elect representatives of the other to offices of so little political significance as this.

Mr. Pattison is the nominee of the best elements of both parties. It was the belief that a large body of Republicans would vote for the Democratic candidate, if the best man were nominated, which made it possible to snatch the nomination out of the hands of Democratic politicians, and give it to one who had earned the popular confidence. It was because Republican as well as Democratic preference designated him, that the candidacy of Mr.

Wallace came to nothing. We congratulate all honest men, who have the courage of their convictions, on the choice thus made, as it presents a clear issue between business and political monopoly on the one side, and the rights of the people and the purity of our politics on the other.

AN UP-RIVER RAMBLE.

THE definition of "pic-nic" given by Stormonth is really a brief but suggestive essay on a delightful subject. Perhaps I can meet all requirements by merely stating: June 20, perfect day, pic-nic. See Stormonth.

Think of a perfect June day! And add thereto, "Top-Rock," "the Ringing Stones," and "High Falls," with a ride in the valley of the Delaware, that never becomes commonplace, however long the day's ramble. The drive at the base of the cliff was of itself sufficient to fill the day, but although we might well have halted at every step to revel in nature's riches, there was an overpowering impulse in every one to go yet further and reach Ultima Thule. It is scarcely to one's credit to admit that these magnificent rocks, with ferns, flowers, and reckless trees that clung to giddy heights, should have been passed with but a glance. There was such suggestiveness in each overhanging shelf and gloomy crevice, indelible foot-prints of Time, the day might well have been spent in contemplation at any point. There was food for thought in abundance, but alas! there was food also in various hamper, and the day was devoted to a pic-nic in its broadest sense.

Let us return to Stormonth: he says *Pick*, to eat by morsels: *Nick*, the former familiar name of the tankard for liquor. Strictly then, we were to *Pic*, and the *nick*ing was to be omitted. At least, I have nothing to say of the latter. The rocks whereon we halted for the feast afforded ample room not only to recline while eating, but to dance and make merry should one be inclined; while the more staid and geologically inclined found the flat layers of slaty rock an absorbing object-lesson. There was but a mere rivulet trickling over one edge of the exposure at the time, but every evidence that at no distant day, geologically speaking, a torrent had rushed through the glen and leaped with majestic force over the brink of a precipice hard by. How much more readily we may recall the past if we have even the slenderest thread holding us thereto. This little rivulet that one might pass over without seeing, sang no less the wondrous story of the past, because it lisped in childish treble, and every utterance was lost if a bird sang or the wind murmured through the hemlocks. It was almost pathetic to see the waters gather their puny strength where the flat rocks abruptly ended and plunge into the deep gorge below. Plunging as if to move the mighty rocks that barred their way, but only to be lost among the broken masses that strewn the dark, tortuous channel of the mountain brook. No charm was missing, because the spot was now so calm. It was a time rather to contemplate what had been, rather than follow the rush of tumultuous activity. I was thankful, for one, that there was no roar of sullen waters to awe; no giddy abyss from which to shrink in fear. Better by far the bell-like ripple, cheery as a bird's song, that so gently hinted of the tragic long-ago.

The feast over, we were conducted to the "Ringing Stones," and here grandeur of a wholly different type confronted us. It is hard to believe that such a spot could fail to arouse interest in the spectator, and yet the fame of these rocks is not far-traveled. Until I saw them to-day I never knew of them, and yet have lived within almost a day's walk of them, all my life. In a little woods we found them resting in absolute silence, but not one but responded in deep or gayer tones at the touch of our timid feet. It was wretched walking; but we thought little of danger, as peal after peal rang out, when chosen masses were sharply struck with bits of stone. It was a most strange spot. A veritable crater, from which had bubbled up a molten mass, now cracked into huge angular masses, heaped in the most hap-hazard way;

"Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world."

This rugged, rocky music will not bear transplanting, and rejects a home in any mere fragment such as one might carry away. I am glad of this, for else these massive stones would be stolen by lovers of Wagner. The sound given out when these masses of crystalline rock are sharply struck with a metal hammer or a piece of stone, is due not only to the crystalline structure of the rock itself, but to the position in which each mass lies; those having fewest points of contact with the surrounding masses having the clearest and sweetest "voices," as I may call them.

As had been true of every other point whereat we had tarried through the day, so here was a spot about which I longed to tarry, and as in many a melancholy case before, was forced to console myself with the hope that I might come again. The plan of the leader must be followed out, and reluctantly turning from

these sweet-tongued rocks, we were soon en-route for the great feature of the day's excursion, Top Rock. This was no outstanding point to be seen from a distance, like a snow-capped peak, and climbed in imagination before its base was reached. To all but the leader it was a matter of faith until the moment it was fairly stepped upon. In fact, it was with some misgiving that a pedestrian tour was undertaken, when, the carriages halting in the dusty highway, the fact that such was necessary was announced. Had I not already seen enough? was the question asked by more than one. Besides, we were at a cottage door, and a bubbling spring with mossy pebbles set about and a clam-shell cup, tempted too strongly to have faith in greater things. But we started, at last, and never hath a hedge shut in so marvelous a view. As the field was crossed, there was nothing suggestive of other than the lowest low-lands, but we were, in fact, on a long reach of high table-land that ended with startling suddenness behind a hedge. A mere fragment of a wood-path was followed, when, without an intimation of what was near, the valley of the Delaware was spread out before us. We stood upon an over-hanging cliff, nearly four hundred feet above the water. With graceful curves, narrowing where the steep banks hemmed it in, and broadening where the meadows yielded to it, the river flowed noiselessly by, its surface without a ripple, as seen from this high point. The islands were as emeralds in silver setting, and dainty as toys the few boats scattered up and down. And beyond: I dare not venture to describe the broad fields with their various growing crops. One naturally drifts toward comparisons in such a case, but I likened it to nothing; I tried, of course, to do so, but it was all too beautiful; too unlike the commonplace world. But others were not like-minded. A fair pedagogue suggested crazy patch-work! Miles of magnificent valley compared to a bed-quilt! And this too from one who is writing a novel. Her words were the one cloud that dimmed the glorious sunshine of a perfect day.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF MARYLAND SINCE THE WAR.¹

THE State of Maryland offers a field which is in some respects peculiarly favorable for a study of the character and progress of the black man,—or, rather, of the "colored" man,—for in this case the latter term is really the more accurate one, as there are comparatively few of the race in that State in whose veins there is not a decided admixture of white blood. The proportion of colored people to the whole population, also, is unusually large. The author thinks that there is not in the country another place where so many colored people are living in such narrow bounds as in Baltimore city, except perhaps Washington. The interest is increased by the situation of the State and its political history. The doubtful scale in which the issue of Secession hung for a time, and the fact that the State was one of the few to which the Emancipation Proclamation did not apply, were factors of great weight in settling the destiny of the race.

The most striking feature in the history of the colored people since the war is the rapidity of their advance. Their condition to-day, as described in this graphic and interesting account, is little short of marvelous, when one considers the fact that it is less than a generation since their emancipation. Then, too, this advance has been made in the face of a prejudice which, however gently it may be described, is even yet sufficiently strong. The opposition to granting to the negro the political rights given him by the Fifteenth Amendment may be imagined from the fact that when Governor Bowie vetoed a bill for the incorporation of Chestertown, in Kent county, which allowed white voters only, because of its conflict with the Amendment, sixteen members of the Legislature indulged in a vain effort to pass the bill over his veto. It must be admitted, indeed, that the political status of the colored man is the most unsatisfactory feature of his condition. In that he has made, apparently, least progress. While the methods of the more Southern States have perhaps not been employed, yet means have been found to draw him to the conclusion that fighting for his rights did not pay; that the way for him to get ahead was to stick to work, to take the place assigned him, and to leave politics to the white people. For some reason it always appears that colored men in politics do not "get on."

In material progress, however, the state of affairs is very different,—partly, no doubt, because in this way the negro has had the real sympathy and help of the white people. A prominent colored clergyman, well acquainted with the whole State, when asked if his people had made much progress, answered that they had made the progress of fifty years in twenty-five. In one of the country towns one man it said to have \$50,000 in cash; one of the

¹ Notes on the Progress of the Colored People in Maryland Since the War. By Jeffrey R. Brackett, Ph. D. Pp. 96. Baltimore: Publication Agency of the Johns Hopkins University.

best jewelry stores belongs to another; a third has the best trade in beef in the town. Many indications are given of the desire of white people to see their black neighbors prosper. When a colored citizen, well known and highly respected, lost money by an unfortunate investment, and was threatened with the loss of his hotel, several white fellow-citizens came to his rescue, saying, "It will never do for Bill — to fail." One colored man of wide acquaintance and long experience estimates the wealth of colored people in the State at \$2,250,000. Another, the editor of a paper in Baltimore, estimates it at from three to four millions. It cannot be doubted that they are steadily accumulating property.

One of the most prominent features of life among the colored people, and one which provokes a smile, is their devotion to "societies." The orders which flourish among them, with portentous names, make an astonishing list. These are very largely scriptural. There are the Wise Men, the Nazirites, the Galilean Fishermen, the Sons and Daughters of Moses (the colored man is more gallant than his white brother in respect of his "lodge," and admits the sisters to membership), the Sons and Daughters of Ezekiel, Queens of Night, Hosts of Israel, and others too numerous to mention. These are not, however, to use a negro expression, "all foolishness," but are largely "beneficial" societies, the advantage of which, especially to a race so apt to be improvident, cannot be denied. These various "temples" and "castles" and "pastures" form a great feature in the social and semi-religious life of the race. The negro mind is naturally very susceptible to pageants and regalia, to imposing ceremonials and high-sounding names. It is said, however, that extravagance, both ceremonial and financial, in the matter of societies, is rapidly becoming modified, and that the present tendency is toward greater sobriety. "A few years ago there were the street parades and ostentatious funeral processions,—when the death of a member, occasionally," said a colored man with a smile, "was a godsend to a society." There were sermons constantly being preached to special bodies, calling out the young and old of both sexes on Sunday night, in expensive regalia. All this has been much given up; and there is every reason to believe that experience and education will have the same effect here that they have had in the religious life of the colored people, that useless forms will be more and more thrown aside. In as far as the societies can become purely beneficial, with strict business management, in so far they will meet the approval of all, and be of the greatest help to the race."

In several important ways there has ceased to be any systematic discrimination against the colored people. The public libraries of Baltimore are open to them. In the theatres they are commonly admitted to the galleries, but not to the floor of the house. The street cars, after a contest of some length, have ceased to discriminate, and now admit white and colored passengers alike. The State Medical Society admits colored physicians, and "there are now three colored doctors in Baltimore members of it." A leader among them bears witness to the professional courtesy with which he is treated by the white doctors. Several of them have offered him the use of their laboratories; consultations have been freely given when asked, and he is soon to present a report on a matter of interest at a meeting of the Society. No medical college in Maryland, however, has yet opened its doors to colored students: but the medical instruction of the Johns Hopkins University is to be open to all alike. It is interesting to note that at a mass meeting of the colored people, in 1873, resolutions of gratitude to Johns Hopkins were passed, for his great gifts to the public, in which white and colored were both to share. "Every man and woman rose as the vote was taken, that 'we will teach our children to do honor to his memory when we shall have passed away.'"

In 1885, after a contest of some years, the Supreme Court of the State decided that colored men properly qualified must be admitted to the bar, and "there are now five colored lawyers in Baltimore, young, intelligent, progressive men, bidding fair to be successful in their profession. They bear witness to the professional courtesy shown them by all decent lawyers." At the time the matter was being agitated, the *Baltimore Sun* remarked that "sooner or later all restrictions on freedom of citizenship must disappear, and there is no reason why the legal profession should be the last to recognize the inevitable." In spite of these wise words, however, the State bar was not finally opened to colored men until 1888.

In regard to education the race has had "a hard row to hoe," and their wonderful courage and persistence in securing school facilities, against the opposition and prejudice which they have had to overcome, bear touching witness to their appreciation of its value. In 1868 a new school law ordered a tax of ten cents on the hundred dollars for State school purposes, and provided that the taxes paid by colored persons should be used to maintain colored schools. These schools had no other support except voluntary private contributions. The utter insufficiency of such provision, in a

State where the body of the colored population was very poor, will easily be seen. In 1872 the State ordered that there should be at least one school for colored children in each election district, if the attendance averaged fifteen, to be kept open for full terms; and appropriated \$50,000 yearly for colored schools, in addition to the tax paid by colored people. In 1878 \$100,000 was added to this amount. In 1888 the rate of school tax was raised one-half cent, and the appropriation for colored schools increased to \$125,000, or as much of the increase as the tax might give over \$500,000. This, while a great advance, is still very insufficient, and is largely supplemented by schools supported by the colored people themselves and by friends of the race, especially in Baltimore. Some of the best schools, including the Baltimore normal school for colored teachers, had their origin in work done during the war, and in the years following it, by interested persons in the North, and by the Freedmen's Bureau. It was not until 1888 that colored teachers were employed in the public schools for colored children, though a number of colored persons had passed the Board of Examinations. In that year, however, an ordinance was passed by the city, making appropriations for a new colored school, and providing that thereafter colored teachers should be employed in all colored schools, after passing the same examinations as the whites. The colored schools are crowded, and the interest of the race in education is strong and persistent.

The steady advance of the colored people in independence and strength of character is remarkable. They have come to see that their position depends upon themselves, and are working with great energy for their own improvement. The childlike traits natural to the ex-slave are disappearing, and in their place are growing the qualities of a self-dependent race. If there still remain defects of character born of an era of slavery and degradation, the natural comment would be that it is remarkable, not that such defects should exist, but that in so short a period of freedom so many of them should have been replaced by so much that is strong and noble.

H. F.

LANDSCAPE AT THE SALON OF THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.¹

LANDSCAPES, together with scenes of contemporary life, occupy, as always, the largest share of wall space in the Champs Elysées; yet one need not complain thereof, for the landscapists do not, happily, let themselves be troubled to such an extent as might be feared, by the surrounding excitement with its do-as-you-please and bravado. They continue to study the fields with genial, scrupulous constancy, and, barring the mania whereof some of them are still possessed, of diluting, as it were, a fine impression in a setting out of all proportion, one might commend in them generally an excellent tendency towards precision. The Provençal painters are notably conspicuous because of their thoroughly curious analyses of the sun-bathed land of their birth; and since MM. Meissonier, Vollon, and Moutte gave them the start, they have formed an active group whose progress one follows with interest. If Marseilles be not known abroad, the fault will not lie with her children, for we have "The Entrance to the New Ports at Marseilles," by M. Casile; "Marseilles," by M. Etienne Martin; and "The Old Port of Marseilles," by M. Allègre,—all being well selected views of the town. M. Paul Bertrand, of whom mention was made last year, particularly distinguishes himself by the firmness wherewith he paints his soil, plants, and trees, and renders, in presence of the Mediterranean's blue expanse, the details of his foliage, whether the subject be "Casqueiranne," "Pradon," or "The Environs of Hyères." No little cunning of the eye and delicacy of the brush are requisite to bring out the luminous harmony that is an element of these stony, parched landscapes, whose sharp, hard details so easily offend the optical sense. Well nigh all the new school artists from Provence succeed in that particular, without sacrificing exactitude, or, as has been almost always done, exaggerating conventionally the sun's devouring action upon surfaces. In the Champ de Mars we shall see to what excess some painters carry the disintegration of objects by the light, and how, through a monotonous exaltation of confused resplendencies, they end by making us doubt the accuracy of their vision. M. Quignon is a man who seems to be the owner of good eyes, and for whom, howsoever it may dazzle, the sun does not annihilate the solidity of objects. His canvases are so summarily treated as to appear almost like scene painting; yet he possesses a firm, free, and, so to speak, fat touch, and a grave and ardent love of the sun, which delight both the eye and the heart. Thus far his note has not varied, albeit it expresses personality and animation; in his "Harvest" the regular ranks of heaped-up sheaves, spread out at intervals on sloping ground, beneath an overpowering light, and their golden resplendence accentuated by spots of

¹ From *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 1st, 1890. Translation for THE AMERICAN, by William Struthers.

shadow, give one a sensation equivalent to that which was elicited last season from his "Black Grain." It shows exactness, honesty, and frankness, and one would wish that M. Quignon might impart something of his fine warmth to M. Jan-Monchablon. Doubtless, in the latter's case, potency of observation is more varied, extraordinary, and surprising by reason of tenuity and obstinacy of analysis; and "*Les Vernes*" and "*The Little River*" are studied thoroughly and most patiently in the minutest details of wee tendrils, exiguous herbage, and tiny pebbles; yet, amid his hard work, the painter has let everything grow cold, his enthusiasm being exhausted by such exasperation of dissection, and the very skies losing their radiance, without his becoming aware of the fact, so intently does his mind dwell on minutiae of the soil. Work thus finely etched, remains, in consequence, dull and frigid, despite, or rather because of so strenuous endeavor. And a great pity it is, when the painter, as in this instance, has accumulated so vast an amount of study, sincerity, and talent.

To find the exact point where science becomes invention, where the multitude of observations is transformed into the movement of imagination, where the work at once satisfies the first glance of one's eye by its disposition and harmony, and the mind by its expressive meaning and technical solidity, is what every sincere artist aims to reach, but what none attains except such as are superior and complete in their calling. Were it necessary in the Champs Elysées to designate the landscapes that approximate to such a standard, we should not hesitate to name, at the start, the pictures of M. Harpignies. His "*Twilight, a Souvenir of the Allier*," renders perfectly the sensation of a very supposable, real place, beheld in the first instance and thoroughly beheld by an experienced eye; and also of a site a long time brooded over by a sensitive imagination and a memory touched with tender feeling, until, little by little, simplified, enlarged, and disembarrassed, through so intimate a mental gestation of all its inexpressive minutiae and insignificant commonplace. A little more to this side, or a little more to that, and the work would be either a study or a fantasy. The small-sized, smiling, luminous canvas accompanying "*Twilight*," and bearing the title "*A Meadow: Sunlight Effect*," is a less transformed bit of study, but shows with what vivacity M. Harpignies receives an impression directly from nature, and with what terse and profound knowledge of the structure of things, soil, trees, and clouds, he notes down immediately, in a firm, clear style, that fugitive impression. Yet what labor is required to reach, in one's maturity, such self-possession, and how many hare-brained youths of the so-called "luminarist" schools seem hardly aware of the difficulties encountered by those sincere observers, our artists of 1830, before they became familiar with the numberless, subtle laws that govern light, whether in its diffusion over the superficies of objects, or in its penetration into their secrecy. Hit or miss, to fling about scintillations, gleams, and reflections on a canvas, or to envelope it uniformly in the confused veil of a more or less tinted fog, is not to compose a work of color and harmony, no more than during the Florentine or the academical decadence, to accumulate, in dislocated and disproportioned bodies, anatomical accentuations, out of place as well as out of keeping, was to make a work of drawing and style. What is truth for the figure painter is truth for the landscapist. The carriage of trees demands observation as well as the carriage of men, and minerals have their peculiar features not less than animals.

Already, in preceding years, have we noted the useful influence exerted on the earnest landscapists of the younger generation by M. Harpignies, and by M. François, M. Harpignies' elder and model. M. François also stands in the breach; and his "*Misty Morning in the Environs of Paris*" is not one of the least interesting works exhibited by him in these latter days. It possesses a serious, gentle charm that wins you rather than seizes upon you; an enduring, a profound charm, due to no trick of the hand, to no appeal to the eye, because of its method. Differently from so many landscapes, diversely tinted, flickering, flashing, painted *à la diable*, the whole surface leaping, as it were, into one's eyes, only to show its emptiness, the landscapes of M. François and of all his school, modestly colored but earnestly composed, are not unwilling to wait to be sought for, certain, as they are, of finding their group of admirers by reason of the lasting charm of intimate intercourse with them. Similar commendation might at times be extended to some artists of another age who, albeit retaining their youthfulness less extraordinarily than M. François, display works that are in truth more out of vogue than their merit deserves; for one still discovers therein, whether it be in good handling of distances, dignity, and sincerity of impression, or technical skill, no little teaching, as well as delectation. Others, it is true, mingling much more in the present art movement, strive not unreasonably to unite to solidity of ground work the lively, delicate freshness of illumination, whereto the aspirations of the day now tend. First, we have, or rather had, with his "*Path at Orsay*," poor Rapin, stricken by death just when, enlarged and enlight-

ened, his talent was emerging from its long-borne uncertainties and touching timidities. Then comes M. Nozal, still somewhat undecided, thin, and trifling, yet singularly deft in disentangling, amid mists and fogs, acted upon by the sun, the vibrations, pereginations, and delicate decompositions of color. His "*Autumn Morning at Andelys on the Hamel*" is a harmonic, strange, variation, such as the sky, in the intermediate seasons, likes well to show us; while both boldness and skill are required to convey to the canvas so singular and evanescent a spectacle. M. Zuber seeks less for piquant and unexpected effects. A sunset, such as we often behold, calm and soothing, seen athwart regular masses of verdure, or the peaceful waters of a slow-moving stream, suffices him for the renewal in us of an ever gentle impression, thanks to the extreme conscientiousness joined to the just sense of the familiar majesty of things, which he carries into all his work. His "*Evening Mist on the Banks of the Loing*," although somewhat floating, so to speak, in too large a frame, is a noble landscape, which one looks upon once more with the greatest pleasure. One savors the charm of a walk in "*The Orchards at Hièvre towards the End of October*," by M. Boudot, who is one of the young men whose débuts have been the most remarked during recent years. He is fond of verdure; the fresh greenery of springtime, the brilliant leafage of summer, and the fading autumnal foliage; and in every season he knows how to analyze the infinite variation of shades of color, to express, by turns, their softness and density, their humidity and dryness. With pleasure do we see him not confining himself to nooks and fragments, but endeavoring to condense his observations into better arranged and better filled-out frames. On the other hand, condensation does not suit M. le Liepvre, who every year likewise more decidedly asserts his personality, though in the decorative order. His view of a meadow, and the banks of the Loire, with tall poplars projecting their thin, long shadows on the parched turf, would not have lost much had it been reduced in dimensions. However, the effect is lively, truthful, and striking, and thoroughly in the style of pictures favored by M. Harpignies, of whom M. le Liepvre is a pupil.

"*Evening of a Fine November Day*," by M. Emile Bréton, without telling us anything new regarding familiar and conscientious talent, yet gives us a fresh proof of the same. M. Demont joins to a particularly vivacious and striking study, called "*A Farm in Dauphiny*," a landscape with figures, exquisitely poetical, entitled "*The Departure*." In the foreground, before her cottage, a peasant woman is musing, sad and downcast; far off, in the plain, a youth is going away, his wallet on his back. The resigned sadness of these two beings, and the pacified sadness of the twilight enveloping them, unite with charming simplicity to affect us. It is quite possible that, in painting this pretty canvas, M. Demont had in mind the solemnity of Millet and the tenderness of Cazin,—since what true artist remains insensible to contemporary manifestations?—yet he has, not the less, unpretentiously composed a delectable work.

It is impossible, either in landscape or *genre*, to attempt even the nomenclature of the artists who therein exercise their talent, and who, without attaining superiority, produce work worthy of attention and not devoid of charm. It will suffice us to make sure that in the Champs Elysées the rather increasing than diminishing activity of the open-air guild of painters manifests itself in ways the most divers, by a variety of means, and with an absence of prejudice as to methods, which denote, in general, both conscientiousness and sincerity.

THE BIBLE STUDENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.¹

TO know what one is looking for is a long step towards its finding. To be given a point of view for observation furnishes the interpretation for seemingly heterogeneous facts. Facts and specimens may both be made to tell different stories according as they are put in new combinations, and possibly no one understands this better than the museum curator.

The British Museum, which has aptly been termed the last resting place of the ancient nations, abounds in specimens of incidents, customs, and people mentioned in the Bible. On entering the manuscript saloon you see a copy of the Wycliffe Bible (the first English version of the whole Bible) written before 1397; a manuscript of the Latin version of Jerome, written about 840; a Samaritan Pentateuch of the fourteenth century, and a Hebrew roll of about the same date; finally, one of the most important manuscripts of the Bible, the Alexandrian Codex, of the fifth century, containing the Greek text of the Scriptures in four volumes. This text is very interesting because of an intentional alteration it contains. In I Timothy 3:16, the authorized version reads: "God was manifest in the flesh," and the manuscript apparently

¹ THE BIBLE STUDENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. A Descriptive Guide to the Principal Antiquities which illustrate and confirm the Sacred History. By the Rev. J. G. Kitchin, M. A. Cassell & Co.

has the same reading; but a careful examination of the text reveals the fact that the word "God" has been altered from "he who," not a very difficult change in the Greek.

As you pass into the Assyrian Room you see the splendid series of monuments discovered in the second half of our century, which have restored to the modern world one of the greatest of ancient civilizations. Here there await the visitor the beautiful metal coverings of gates found at Balawat, and other monuments of Shalmaneser II. This king is not mentioned in the Bible, but according to his monuments he received tribute from Jehu, king of Israel. The terra cotta cylinder of Esarhaddon, (B. C. 680), does not confirm the statement of the book of Chronicles that Menasseh, king of Judah, was taken captive to Babylon. The name of Sargon occurs but once in the Bible, Isaiah xx. 1, and as this king was not known elsewhere in history, it was formerly supposed that it was a mistake. But the terra cotta cylinder of Sargon, (B. C. 721-705), attests its correctness, and the importance of this king for the history of Israel and Judah. The hexagonal cylinder of Sennacherib, better known as the "Taylor" cylinder, contains the account of his expedition against Hezekiah. No mention is made of the disaster which befell the Assyrian army at the gates of Jerusalem, but the historiographer had sufficient regard for the truth not to say that the boastful Assyrian king conquered the city,—a concession to truth which other ancient scribes would have done well to imitate.

According to the Babylonian annals Nabonidus was the last king, while in Daniel Belshazzar is named as king at the time of the destruction. From the cylinder of Nabonidus we learn that the name of his son was Belshazzar. We hurry on past the cylinder of Cyrus, the oval of Sargon of Agade, which carries alphabetic writing in the Mesopotamian valley back to 3800 B. C., the seal of an Elamite king earlier than Abraham, and the Assyrian implements of war so graphically described by Isaiah and Nahum.

We now proceed to the fourth Egyptian room, and find a number of interesting small objects, such as cases of eye-paint and bodkins for applying it,—a custom referred to Jeremiah and other Biblical writers; we see the razors with which the Egyptians shaved,—a custom which Joseph followed when he went into the presence of the king. There are besides bricks made with chopped straw, signet rings, yokes of wood carried across the shoulder, and the sticks which the taskmasters used to administer a beating.

Passing hurriedly through the coin room, we come to the third Egyptian room, containing the heads of the sacred bull Apis, which suggested their idolatrous worship to the Israelites; the implements of the scribes; fine linen which enveloped the mummies, and a box or ark which reminds us of the Jewish "Ark of the Covenant." In the Central saloon of the Egyptian galleries are the monuments of the nineteenth dynasty, under which the Israelites are supposed to have served their bondage.

In the southern Egyptian gallery is the statue of a goddess bearing the name of Sheshonk I., the only Egyptian monument containing a direct reference to Jewish history. It was to his court that Jeroboam fled during the lifetime of Solomon, and II. Chronicles informs us that Shishak came up against Jerusalem in Rehoboam's reign and took the fenced cities of Judah. Further on is the statue of Apries, probably the Pharaoh-Hophrah who upheld Jehoiakim and Zedekiah, kings of Judah, in their resistance to Babylon.

The Assyrian transept contains a seated figure of Shalmaneser II., and a bas-relief of Sargon, both of whom have already been referred to. We see also two colossal human-headed bulls, whose fantastic form suggested the visions of Ezekiel and Daniel.

Turning to the Nimrud Central Saloon, we select from among a variety of objects the monuments of Tiglath-Pileser, identical with Pul, of the Bible, the first Assyrian king mentioned in the Scriptures. In the Konyunjik gallery are the tablets containing the Babylonian accounts of the creation and of the flood.

These are but a few of the monuments which have found their way to the British Museum, that enable us to read the Bible in a new light.

Besides originals, the Museum contains casts of the important monuments in the Louvre and the Boulak Museum at Cairo.

WEEKLY NOTES.

PEDESTRIANISM seems to have become a lost art,—it would be better to say a lost delight,—among the inhabitants of the Middle and Eastern States. People complain of lack of exercise, of the dyspepsia which results from unrelieved head-work, of the pressing necessity for some physical offset to the mental strain of business life,—and all the while they appear wholly oblivious to the manifest purposes of their lower limbs. If these people once realized the amount of pleasure to be derived from a walk across country or back the green by-ways, they would cease illogical complaints and put their knowledge to practical account. A bicycle

is well enough, but it is, after all, a diluted exercise,—one remove from the native leg-movement. And a bicycle is very much of a "white elephant" except when in actual use; it must be pushed up steep hills and held back down rocky ones; it interferes with the liberty of the individual, and to that extent is unrepublican; if one wants to creep through a heavy undergrowth to reach some attractive fern or flower, he must stand his machine against a tree, at the risk of finding that it has changed owners during his absence. Indeed, a bicyclist is nearly as much of a slave as a man with a horse and buggy. But the pedestrian,—he of the flannel shirt and easy shoes, he of the broad-brimmed hat and wide-swing walking-stick,—how free he is! How admirable and express in action! In healthful vigor how like a west wind; in independence how like a bird! Let the town-dwellers and the riders in cable cars and hansoms take a bit of good advice from one who knows whereof he speaks. Come out into the open; this is the season, this the opportunity; there is health in the hills, and in the fields an inspiration.

* * *

HE who seeks to study character need desire nothing better than a ride, one of these warm summer evenings, on top of a Broad street omnibus. Here are the tired seamstress, out for half an hour's relaxation; the clerk and his best girl, trusting to the clatter from the stones to drown their little nonentities of speech; the rich man who takes his cigar up there as a matter of novelty; and the poor man who goes for the ride and makes it as long as he can. At the end of the bench sits a little, pale-faced mother with a smaller and paler-faced child in her arms; they are out for an airing, perhaps as a sort of last hope, for the little woman looks worn with anxiety, and the baby,—ah well! everybody knows how pinched and pitiful are the faces of sick babies born in back streets and nurtured in dingy attics. On the other side is a scorbatic individual who seems sleepy and exudes an odor of beer; just to look at him makes one feel as though the mercury had gone up several degrees. Then there is the ubiquitous dude, begaitered and double-waistcoated, who finds an inspiration in the set of his shepherd's-plaid trousers. Who else? Only a middle-aged gentleman with gold glasses, who keeps his hat in his hand to the end that the Schuylkill-laden breezes may cool his bald forehead. He is earnestly talking to a commercial-looking man who seems bored. Maybe the gentleman with the gold glasses is a German professor; indeed we suspect him of Hegelianism, for we catch an occasional allusion to *Vorstellungen* and *Begriffe*. How far removed he seems from the scorbatic man or the woman with the sick baby! And how little either of these care for *Vorstellungen*! It is a strange world, and a Broad street omnibus is a good deal of a microcosm. Let the seeker for plots answer the driver's "interrogating thumb," some evening; he will find his reward.

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THE *Literary World*, in the course of some quite unqualified laudation of Mr. Aldrich's *Harper* poem, "Thalia," suggests that perhaps the notion of a poet saying farewell to the muse he had so long served, was engendered by the thought of the author's personal experience in severing his editorial connection with the *Atlantic Monthly*. The suggestion is not altogether unwarranted, though the probabilities are against its validity. What the reading public is interested in is, that the very high literary tone of the *Atlantic* may not be forced down through the competition of the more "popular" magazines. If Mr. Scudder can follow his inclinations there is no danger of deterioration; whether or not he can do so remains to be seen. In the heterogeneous crowd of specialist journals, it does seem as though we might be allowed to retain one literary periodical.

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PROFESSOR SCHELLING, of the University of Pennsylvania, has in his possession a beautifully executed miniature portrait of Lord Byron, in its original frame of gilded wood, and retaining the freshness of the coloring in an unusual degree. We have had the privilege of examining the picture, and believe its authentication to be complete. On the back is the signature of Lord Byron, very legible; also two sets of initials probably representing members of his family. Such a relic should find a place in the collection of some institution or individual possessing other rarities of like character, and the price at which it is held, \$500, would probably be regarded as not unreasonable by such a buyer.

* * *

HAVERHILL, MASS., has been celebrating its quarter-millennium. It is not every town that has the honor of giving birth to a Whittier, or can call upon one of its sons to give utterance to its joys of commemoration in such verse as he sent them. The poet's family have been residents of Haverhill since 1648, and only the convenience of having a Friends' meeting close at hand led him to change his home to Amesbury, a few miles nearer the sea. We quote some stanzas:

Slow from the plough the woods withdrew,
Slowly each year the corn-lands grew;
Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill
The Saxon energy of will.

And never in the hamlet's bound
Was lack of sturdy manhood found.
And never failed the kindred good
Of brave and helpful womanhood.

Wise was the choice which led our sires
To kindle here their household fires,
And share the large content of all
Whose lines in pleasant places fall.

More dear, as years on years advance,
We prize the old inheritance,
And feel, as far and wide we roam,
That all we seek we leave at home.

O dwellers by the Merrimack,
The heirs of centuries at your back,
Still reaping where you have not sown,
A broader field is now your own.

Hold fast your Puritan heritage,
But let the free thought of the age
Its light and hope and sweetness add
To the stern faith the fathers had.

REVIEWS.

IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS: Authorized English Edition. Edited by William Archer. Vol. I.: "The League of Youth," "The Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House." Vol. II.: "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck." Vol. III.: "Lady Inger of Ostrat," "The Vikings at Helgeland," "The Pretenders." Pp. xi. and 389; v. and 381; xvii. and 377. New York: Scribner & Welford.

THESE nine plays of Ibsen's belong to two different periods of his dramatic development. The three in the third volume are historical plays from Norse history, and fall in with his first appearance as an author, their only predecessor being his "Cataline," which was not published with his name. After these four (and also "The Comedy of Love," which succeeded them), came his three greatest dramatic poems: "Brand," "Peer Gynt," and "Emperor and Galilean," none of which have been rendered into English. It is from the dramas written later, and with a return to prose dialogue, that the plays of the first and second volumes are taken. They have all a common character, that which first astonished many of his admirers in his "Comedy of Love," which may be taken as a forerunner of the series. They are the picture of a perverted society, in which the conflict for existence throws men into collision with each other, the bonds of kinship and neighborhood are sacrificed to ambition, gain, or self-indulgence, and force or fraud are accepted with either frankness or hypocrisy as the governing principles of society. The world thus disclosed to us is not the real world of modern Christendom, but that world as Ibsen sees it through a distracting medium, and on lines of vision parallel to those of Soren Kierkegaard, the Danish pessimist.

These later plays study this vision of a perverted society either as a whole, or in view of certain problems it presents. To the former class belong "The League of Youth," "Pillars of Society," and "An Enemy of the People;" to the latter "Ghosts," and "A Doll's House;" while "The Wild Duck" is a puzzle, whose solution may be found in the intention of the author to satirize himself, or rather those of his ardent admirers who treat his previous plays as guides for the conduct of life.

It is an interesting problem whether Ibsen has done justice to his own genius in this later series of plays. We think those readers who study the three plays of his earlier period, which are given in this third volume, will incline to the opinion that he has not done so. We would stake our own judgment to that effect upon "The Pretenders" alone, which we read years ago in the original with a deep sense of the mastery of dramatic touch it evinces. Bishop Nicholas and Duke Skule are each unique characters, but especially the latter. He contests Hakon Hakonson's title to the Norwegian throne, and fails, because he has the fatal want of faith in himself, which makes shipwreck of great abilities and opportunities, while Hakon has just what he lacks. The contrast of the kingly and the unkingly natures underlies the whole story, and impresses the old bishop, who hates Hakon as the enemy of the hierarchy and the inheritor of King Sverrir's anti-churchly policy, but dare not lean on his rival. We feel that in this play lie indications of creative possibilities, which Ibsen never will realize.

Of the later plays we give "Ghosts" ("Gengangere") the palm for disagreeableness. We know of nothing in literature to

compare with it for pure grossness, especially after the hero has confided to his mother that, thanks to his father's vicious life, his brain is worm-eaten—*vermoulu* the French doctor had told him—and that he looks forward to utter imbecility at his fate.

Comparing the translation with the original, we find it exact enough, and with a constant aim at idiomatic expression rather than bare literalness. T.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS: ESSAYS IN APPRECIATION. By W. E. Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book is an illustration of the contribution of journalism to literature, a connection which in some quarters is constantly denied. There are not wanting proofs, however, that it is a true relation, and "Views and Reviews" is the latest and one of the most significant of those proofs. Mr. Henley is one of the modest fraternity known as "working journalists," and has been ever since he took a part in public affairs; in fact he has never been anything else, and his essays, criticisms, poems, which have so brave a look between covers, are neither more nor less than gatherings from his daily and weekly press-work. A book has its "life" no doubt, quite as a newspaper or journal has, but the fact that it can appropriately and worthily be made out of the paper or journal shows rather conclusively that the periodical is not altogether ephemeral. This is the first thought that Mr. Henley's pointed volume suggests.

Other convictions are those of our author's trained fitness to talk upon literature, art, and social affairs. Mr. Henley has knowledge and style; he knows what are fitting and profitable things to say, and how to say them. We do not hold him, however, to be an altogether dependable critic. He has valuable critical attributes, but he has also some serious limitations; he has large learning, unerring taste, and charity for shortcomings which are the mere accompaniments of worthy things,—and the latter point is especially to be insisted on since severity is oftener than not a part of the critical temper. Mr. Henley is not a severe man, and yet he is oddly enough a violent one, and it is this want of entire self-control which seems to bar him from the place of a critic of the first rank. He is a person of many and amusing prejudices,—a decided character who cannot bring a perfectly passionless and unbiased eye to bear upon a subject in which he is greatly interested. It is difficult for him to stand quite outside a subject and regard it with the coldly searching glance of a stranger. Occasionally he does this, but it is not his custom; for the most part, he is not only either for a thing or against it,—the most unprejudiced of criticism comes to that,—but he has no patience with those who differ from him. That is what we call violence in a writer of such aims.

A striking example of this contrariness is found in the article on Dickens. The essay begins with a humorously savage attack upon Mr. Andrew Lang for his (Lang's) inability to understand the involved plots of some of Dickens' novels, and especially the doings of that deep but vague rascal Jonas Chuzzlewit. Mr. Lang says that he has read the parts of "Martin Chuzzlewit" he likes—the humorous parts, Pecksniff, Mr. Gamp, etc.—over and over all his life, yet he does not pretend to know what the book is all about. When the present writer noted that statement he stretched a hand over sea, as may be said, for a handshake with Mr. Lang, for that is so exactly his own experience. But it acts as a strong irritant upon Mr. Henley, who proceeds to give the designer of "Letters to Dead Authors" an unmerciful scoring. And then follows an instance of the perversity of which we have spoken. After taking Mr. Lang to task in a more than paternal manner, and endowing his favorite novelists with pretty much all the virtues under the sun, he turns squarely about and shows how Dickens' faults are many and grave; how he "wrote nonsense," how he is "noisy and vulgar," how he is "mawkish and extravagant." Now it was the "mawkish" especially that Mr. Lang was talking about. The whole episode is a reminder of how Lord Anthony Trollope roared out at his club,—“I differ from you entirely,—what was that you said?” Mr. Henley, indeed seems to have a good many of the characteristics of Trollope.

We cannot consider Mr. Henley's prejudices with further detail; but neither would we leave the impression that his essays are exclusively so marked. They are not, but there is sufficient of this temper to make one doubtful about accepting him as a court of last resource. But of the entertainment and instruction to be gathered from so genial and learned a friend there can be no question. "Views and Reviews" covers a wide field in English and French literature, from Fielding to Meredith, from Congreve to Hugo, with excursions to the American Longfellow and the German Heine. There are some forty sketches, most of them quite short, but condensing a vast amount of shrewd opinion and amiable philosophy. "Views and Reviews" has a flavor all its own.

PESTALOZZI: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Roger de Guimps. Authorized Translation from the French by J. Russell, with an Introduction by Rev. R. H. Quick. [International Education Series, Vol. XIV.] Pp. xxi. and 438. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Pestalozzi is perhaps the greatest name in the history of Pedagogics. His theories were often wrong, but his mistakes have been worth more to the educational world than the correctness of smaller men. As a practical teacher he cannot be said to have had great success, and yet he worked right on the line on which practical teaching has been most successful, and he was the first to do so. If asked to account for his immense influence on educational theory and practice, we should ascribe it to the unbounded enthusiasm of the man for the work, and the happy intuitions which attended his enthusiasm, as they often do. And then he came at a critical time. The ideas of Rousseau needed a man who should sift them in practice, show their value and their limitations, and point out how they might be applied without accepting the social nihilism their author had associated with them. All this the Swiss reformer did for the nineteenth century.

Pestalozzi, as his name indicates, was of Italian descent, his remote ancestor being one of that notable immigration of Italian Protestants, which included such men as the two Socini, Bernardo Ochino, Vergerius, and Curio, who formed the first Liberal party among the Protestants. He was left an orphan by his father's death, and received the essential parts of his education, as he would have defined them, from his mother. He attended the University of Zurich with the intention of studying theology, but abandoned first that and then law, as finding it impossible to combine either with his ideas of right. He became a farmer and married, but the birth of his son "Jakobli" furnished a turning-point in his life. It was the ideas of Rousseau which had made theology and law impossible to him. Those same ideas now awoke in him an intense interest in the intellectual development of his son, and led him into the field of educational theory and practice on his own account. He tested the views of his master on Jakobli, with the result of finding them to require correction at every point, from the light furnished by experience. The poor boy was not well fitted for life by the experience, and did not live long after he attained maturity. But he obtained a name and place in the history of education, and his father's memoranda as to him are both curious and important.

Up to 1798 Pestalozzi worked alone and unaided. The revolution produced in Switzerland by the French invasion of that year obtained him public recognition and support. The French Revolution had aroused all thoughtful people to the vital importance of popular education. Fichte had been exhorting the German nation to isolate the young people and educate them in ignorance of the social vices which were threatening the destruction of the nationality. Pestalozzi thus found governments more ready to hear him, especially as his views were right in line with the new democratic tendencies of the age. First at Stanz, then Burgdorf, then at Yverdon he worked out his ideas. The Institute at Yverdon was to realize all the dreams of his life, but it proved a failure, although a most instructive one. Partly this was due to his inability to correlate practice with theory; partly to the domineering of a disciple, named Schmidt, who drew him into quarrels with all his earlier co-workers and finally caused the municipality to close the Institute. It came to an end in 1825, after twenty years of Pestalozzi's management; and the disappointments of that time seem to have shortened his life, as he died two years later, in his eighty-first year.

Baron de Guimps is a careful and judicious biographer. The time has gone by for eulogy and depreciation; that for just appreciation has arrived. In that spirit the book is written. There is no attempt to cloak or minimize Pestalozzi's failures, while there is ample assurance of the fact that his permanent services to the great cause of popular education are such as to make apology an impertinence. The story of his life is told in ample detail, and yet room is found for analyses of his works in different periods, and a full list is given at the end.

RUSSIA, its People and its Literature. By Emilia Pardo Bazán. Translated from the Spanish by Fanny Hale Gardiner.

Literary women are not numerous in Spain, and the Señora de Bazán is conspicuous among her countrywomen for her attainments as well as her ability. She has already appeared before the public as the author of several successful stories written under the influence of the modern French novelists whom she had studied *en masse* during a season at Vichy. This sketch of Russian letters and politics was inspired by a sudden enthusiasm produced by a first introduction to Russian literature during a stay in Paris in 1885. The Señora de Bazán was a gifted and precocious child, but she shared the common fate of Spanish women, married at sixteen, and was taken from her secluded home in Galicia to

Madrid, where she led a gay life in society for many years. After this she accompanied her father in his political exile, traveled through Europe, and became familiar with most European languages and literatures. But although her accomplishments, her love of literature and her abilities are unusual, there is every now and then, combined with the most perfect modesty, a curious naïveté of expression, as if her excursions into the various provinces of literature were, in a manner, voyages of discovery; and indeed to a Spanish lady, even of cosmopolitan training, they must have seemed illimitably so. The mental attitude of these studies is best described by the author herself. She says: "I feel that there is a certain indecision and ambiguity running through these essays of mine. I could not quite condemn the revolution in Russia, nor could I altogether approve its doctrines and discoveries. A book must reflect an intellectual condition, which, in my case, is one of uncertainty, vacillation, surprise, and interest. My vision has not been perfectly clear, therefore I have offered no conclusive judgments,—for conviction and affirmation can only proceed from the mind they have mastered. Russia is an enigma; let those solve it who can,—I could not." And "surprise" and "interest" are the key-notes of her feelings. She has prepared herself for her book by a conscientious study of Russian history and literature as attainable by translations, for she ingenuously confesses that she is ignorant of the Russian language and has never set foot upon Russian soil, "but," she adds, apologetically, "Russia is not just around the corner, and the women of my country, though not cowardly, are not accustomed to travel so intrepidly, as, for example, the women of Great Britain." Many educated people have no very coherent knowledge of Russia and its literature. What they know has been picked up piecemeal from books of travel, a chapter of Russian history, a biographical sketch of one author, a critical notice of another. Here the Russian question is coherently summed up, with its political mysteries and terrors, its half barbarous history, and its extraordinary development in modern literature.

The historical part is at times a little vague and confused, but the critical part, which deals with Russian literature and its relation to modern political life, is thoughtful, lucid, and well-balanced, though much that would probably be quite new to a Spanish audience is familiar to any English reading public. The style is full of life and sympathy, though not emotional. It is altogether an interesting little volume, and fitted to be a valuable aid to any young students just entering on the threshold of Russian literature, as it is an excellent guide, and an assistance in dispelling that "haze" which Zola well said always seemed to be between him and Russian novels, a haze which gradually disperses as one enters further into the country, but which is at first bewildering. The translation is very well done, and the English excellent, were it not for a few of the pet minor abominations which persistently infect the style of so many educated Americans, such as the use of *around for round*, *Sundays for on Sunday*, etc.

POEMS. By John Hay. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

It is sometimes unfortunate for a poet or artist to take the popular fancy suddenly by some striking hit, as he often finds his fame permanently associated in the public mind with this first success, while more serious work, in which his own heart has more share, and upon which he has spent his best efforts, is passed by with indifference. Mr. Hay is so much better known as the author of "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," than by any thing else he has ever written, that it is difficult for most people to imagine him as a poet of romantic themes, of society verses and love-lyrics. And perhaps there is a stronger individual flavor in the handful of poems in Western dialect than in the rest of the volume, though the same qualities of energetic, spirited verse, tenderness of feeling and a humorous touch are preserved in treating more conventional themes. Mr. Hay is not a meditative nor an imaginative poet, though he is a poet of sentiment, so it is difficult to quote from his volume without going to undue length, as the effect in the whole rather than in the part, and there are no striking images or lines of condensed thought. But the tone of the verse is strong, fresh and manly, with often a keen epigrammatic turn, and the quality of easy narrative. The measures, though not polished or elaborated, have a free swing that makes them read themselves easily. The few translations after Heine at the end of the volume are fluently and sympathetically done.

It is highly probable that the discovery of the census enumerators in Maine that the amount of the mortgage indebtedness in that State has been greatly over-estimated, will be repeated in most of the States. This matter has been greatly exaggerated by free traders in their anxiety to show that things in this country were under a blight because of protection.—*Boston Journal.*

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

IT has just become publicly known that the "new light" in literature, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, was two months in this country last year, accumulating material for a book to be called "From Shore to Shore."

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press "The Trees of North Eastern America," by Charles S. Newhall; "Tabular Views of Universal History," by G. P. Putnam and Lynds E. Jones; "Dust and Its Dangers," by T. M. Prudden, M. D.; "Gustavus Adolphus" ("Heroes of the Nations" Series), by C. R. L. Fletcher, M. A.; and "The Jews Under the Romans" ("Story of the Nations" Series), by Rev. W. Douglass Morrison.

Longmans, Green & Co. are well advanced with Dr. Nansen's account of his tour across Greenland. This is expected to be a book of importance.

The report that Mr. Pond, of the Boston Lyceum Bureau, had secured Mr. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," for a course of lectures in the United States, is entirely without foundation. A proposal of the sort was made to Mr. Bryce but it was promptly declined.

Rev. Thomas Mozley has a volume in press in London called "Letters from Rome." This author's "Reminiscences of Oriel College" was well received a few years ago.

General Longstreet is understood to be engaged upon a History of the Civil War, and especially of the campaigns in which he had a share.

Mr. Charles Booth, who has undertaken to write an account of life and labor as seen in the East End of London, is well on the way with his second volume, his plan embracing four. This second volume will probably be ready in March of next year. It relates to the southern and central districts, and will be illustrated with "poverty maps for all London," carefully colored to show the various grades of social misery.

Rev. A. M. Mackay was a missionary whom Mr. Stanley met at Uganda, and who died soon after. He was called the "St. Paul of Uganda." His life has been written by his sister and will soon be published.

Henry Villard is writing his autobiography for the use of his children. The story of his early days is written in German, the chapters devoted to his school-days in French, while the portion relating to his career in America will be recorded in English.

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has been turned, in an almost line-for-line translation, into Hindoo. It is said to be a quite remarkable piece of work.

The author of the recently published Southern novel, "Throckmorton," is Miss Mollie E. Sewell, a niece of ex-President Tyler. She is a resident of Washington.

Macmillan & Co. will bring out early in the fall, in book form, the late Miss Elizabeth Balch's "Glimpses of Old English Homes," several chapters of which appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Miss Balch is now generally accepted as the author of "An Author's Love." She died in New York a few months ago.

The next volume of the "Camelot Series" will be called "Great Reviews." It will consist of early famous critiques of the works of Scott, Byron, etc., selected from English periodicals.

Mr. George Du Maurier, the artist of *Punch*, has finished his "Novel of Society," which, with illustrations by himself, will appear in *Harper's Magazine* next year.

The house of Longmans has been turned into a limited liability company, but it is an entirely family concern, the public not admitted. Another "first-class London publishing house" is reported to be about doing the same thing, but names are not yet given.

Mr. Whittier was invited to read an original poem at the 250th anniversary of Haverhill, Mass., but sent word that in the present state of his health he was "scarcely able to bear even the pleasurable excitement of such an occasion."

The three cash prizes of \$50, \$30, and \$20, respectively, which were offered by *Public Opinion* for the best three essays on the subject of The Importance of the Study of Current Topics as a feature of School, Academic, and College Education, brought to the publishers upwards of three hundred articles, many of them by leading writers. The three successful essays are published this week. The first prize was won by Rev. Hamilton M. Bartlett, of Providence, R. I., the second by Rebecca H. Shively, of Chambersburg, Pa., and the third by Frank W. Morton, of Clarksville, Tenn.

The publishing house of G. and C. Merriam & Co., of Springfield, Mass., has begun proceedings in the United States Circuit Court to compel the *Texas Siftings* Publishing Company to stop

the sale of a Dictionary which the plaintiffs claim is an infringement of their copyright of "Webster's Unabridged."

Miss Harriet W. Preston has made a translation of Frederick Mistral's Provençal poem, "Mireio," which will be published late in the summer, by Fisher Unwin, London. It will have a frontispiece by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

The Shakspeare Society of New York will resume their publications in a second series, consisting of unexpurgated reprints of the Old English Miracle Plays, Mysteries, and Moralities, as illustrating the growth of the drama up to Shakespeare's time, together with the least-known and edited English plays contemporary with Shakespeare's own work. These will be issued in the style of the "Bankside Shakespeare."

The clever poems of Mr. Warham St. Leger which have been appearing for some time past in the columns of *Punch* are about to be published, with the title "Ballads from *Punch*."

Heine is to have a monument at Düsseldorf, in spite of determined opposition. The committee, which was dissolved, has been re-formed, the poet Paul Heyse is drawing up a manifesto for the German people, Ernest Herder has prepared two designs for a statue, and William II. has inspected them.

The Brentanos are organizing to go into publishing on a considerable scale. Their "list," up to this time, though choice, has been limited. They announce a volume of poems by a well known New Yorker, to be called "Songs from the Attic."

The Life of Admiral Collingwood, upon which Mr. Clark Russell is engaged, will contain a number of hitherto unpublished and important letters.

The committee organized to purchase, as a Wordsworth Memorial, Dove Cottage, once the home of the poet, is headed by Lord Tennyson. They have abandoned the scheme for a museum in the cottage, and if the popular subscription enables them to purchase the cottage, will hold it as a trust for the contemplation of literary pilgrims.

Mr. F. C. Burnand's burlesque of Stanley's book, "In Darkest Africa," is a great hit, and is immensely popular in London.

A new novel by Señor Valdes, "La Espuma," has gone to press. It deals with the present state of the Spanish nobility, which is represented as very corrupt.

ORIENTAL NOTES.

PROF. D. S. Margoliouth, recently elected Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, chose as the theme of his inaugural lecture, "The Place of Ecclesiasticus in Semitic Literature" (Clarendon Press, 1890). This little pamphlet is but a prelude to a work which will be awaited with much interest. In attempting to restore the Hebrew text of Ben-Sira (Ecclesiasticus), the author, as well as the late Dr. Edersheim, worked under the generally accepted assumption that the language employed was that of the Prophetic books of the Bible; but Prof. Margoliouth is now of opinion that it was originally written in the Rabbinical language and style. The proof for this interesting proposition is merely hinted at, and is of a nature which cannot be adequately described in a brief notice. His conclusions, however, if sustained, are of the profoundest importance for Jewish history, Hebrew philology, and Biblical criticism. "The reconstruction of the verses of Ben-Sira," he says, "will give us for Hebrew what has hitherto been wanting, a book of certain date to serve as a sort of foundation-stone for the history of the language." The latest possible date of Ecclesiasticus is known from the preface of the Greek translator to be not much later than 200 B. C. If, therefore, the Rabbinical idiom was then developed, and was the medium for prayer and philosophical and religious instruction, it follows that the books of the Bible, whether composed in classical Hebrew or Aramean, must have been written many years before. It will then be admitted that the period between Isaiah and Ecclesiastes, though great, is not so considerable as between Ecclesiastes and Ecclesiasticus.

These are the problems which Prof. Margoliouth sees growing out of his forthcoming work. It is barely possible that he has struck a key-note of much future study. Having spent great ingenuity in endeavoring to bring down the date of every chapter in the Bible as late as possible, it does not require a spirit of prophecy to foresee that the fashion of science is likely (and with more show of reason) to swing in the opposite direction.

The government record office at Colombo, Ceylon, has issued The Maharanasa (Part II.) translated from the original Pali into English for the government of Ceylon by L. C. Wijesinha, Mudaliyar; to which is prefixed the translation of the first part (published in 1837), by George Turnour, C. C. S.

The last number of the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft* contains an article by M. Wolff, entitled *Ein Wort über Religion und Philosophie nach Auffassung Sa'adjä al-Fajjumi's*.

S. Calvary (Berlin), has published a pamphlet by Friederich Soltan containing a discussion of the speech made in Pienic by Hanno in the 5th act of *Poenulus* of Plautus. The pamphlet is noteworthy because of the novel view that Phœnician names and words are to be explained as Scythian. The author resents the idea of elucidating the Pienic text in the comedy by reference to Hebrew or other Semitic languages.

"SERIAL NOVELS" AND POUND RATES OF POSTAGE.

The following letter from Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bro., in *The Newsman* for July is of interest in connection with the bill now before Congress, making important changes in postal rates and regulations.

PHILADELPHIA, June 4, 1890.

John J. Daly, Editor "The Newsman."

DEAR SIR: Now that the bill relating to postage on second-class mail matter is before Congress for consideration, it appears to us proper that the book publishers of the country should throw light on a certain feature which has for a long time operated to the serious damage of legitimate trade. Books are mailable as third-class matter at one cent for two ounces, but certain publishers who issue what are known as the cheap "libraries," have managed to obtain for their publications a second-class rate of one cent per pound. In nearly every case their books are merely reprints of those for which the legitimate publishers are compelled to pay the full rate as provided by law. The claim is made that their publications are serials because they are dated, numbered, and purport to be issued at stated periods, and this claim has been allowed, though in what way a complete book becomes a serial even if dated, numbered, and issued at a stated period, is not clear, for a serial is composed of parts, and its very name indicates that it cannot be complete in itself. A newspaper or a magazine is properly a serial, but that a complete book can be so considered is absurd. The publishers of the cheap "libraries" put a subscription rate on their issues, but that anomaly, a subscriber to a cheap library, cannot be found, and as the publishers sell their individual issues exclusively through the news companies to the retail dealers, it is fair to presume that the subscription rate is merely a blind to preserve the low rate of postage, and that they do not desire to be burdened with a subscription list. The natural result of sending complete books through the mails under the pretext that they are serials at one-eighth of what the legitimate publishers, who do not stoop to subterfuge, have to pay for precisely the same books, which are issued without a date, a number, or a subscription rate, is to unduly favor a few persons and enable them to largely undersell the legitimate publishing trade of the country. While it is clearly advisable in this enlightened age to place books at such low rates as to be within the reach of all, it is as clearly inadvisable and unjust to discriminate in postal charges between publishers who issue books squarely as books and those who issue books under the flimsy pretext that they are serials, to the serious disadvantage of the former. Books, no matter whether stamped as serials or not, if complete should be made mailable at a uniform rate of postage, WHETHER THAT RATE BE ONE OR EIGHT CENTS PER POUND. This would place all publishers on an equal footing and would attain the end of justice for which all laws are framed. The postal laws in regard to the mailing of books should be so altered and amended as to do away with the abuse we have mentioned, and their provisions made so clear and distinct that for the future it will be impossible for any one to distort technicalities for their own benefit and the injury of others. This is not a matter to be passed over lightly, as it involves the prosperity if not the very existence of the whole legitimate publishing trade of the country. We publish a "25c. series" of books, but have never entered them as second-class matter because we consider them books and not serials; this has operated to our great detriment, as we cannot send them to small dealers throughout the country at the same rate as the publishers of the so-called serials send their publications. The newspapers should spread this matter before the people, and Congress give it due consideration and the benefit of impartial legislation.

Yours respectfully,

T. B. PETERSON & BRO.

At the commencement of Amherst College, last week, President J. H. Seelye announced his resignation. It is to take effect at the end of the college year, or as soon thereafter as practicable. The question of a new President has been referred to a committee, who are to meet at an early day. President Seelye announced gifts during the year of \$115,000 to the college.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE monthly weather review of the State Weather Service reports, for the month of May, 1890, a mean temperature of 58.8°, which is about 1° below the normal. The precipitation was unusually large, amounting to an average of 6.71 inches, an excess over the normal of three and one-half inches. Of the 59 stations throughout the State, Philadelphia was visited with the smallest total precipitation, namely, 2.96 inches. Rains were of almost daily occurrence in some parts of the State.

The same number of the *Journal* of the Franklin Institute (July, '90) contains a short memoir of Dr. Thomas P. Jones, who was the second Superintendent of the U. S. Patent Office, holding office from 1828 until 1838. He was Professor of Mechanics and Natural Philosophy at the Franklin Institute almost from its beginning (1824) and conducted the early issues of the *Franklin Journal* with such success that he was elected its editor for life. His connection with the Patent Office enabled him to furnish the *Journal* with the best information regarding new inventions in mechanics and chemical processes, both in this country and in Europe. A large part of his work consisted of descriptions and analyses of such inventions, though his writing in other directions was extensive. The memoir is preceded by a portrait.

The tenth volume of the elaborate "Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. A.," containing O to Pfutsch, has lately been issued. One of the most important articles in this volume is that on "Periodicals," which has justly been thought worthy of separate publication. This contains the titles of the medical journals, the annual reports of hospitals and medical and surgical societies, etc., representing 43,670 volumes. There are titles of about 3,600 living publications. Of the 7,250 entries, which include both past and current publications, about 2,000 are credited to the United States. Of foreign countries, Germany has 1,100, France 900, Great Britain 700, Italy 450, etc. The longest uninterrupted publication catalogued is that of the *Annales de Chimie*, which has appeared continuously since 1790 and is comprised in 314 bound volumes. Under the heading "Pest" are catalogued a valuable collection of works on the plagues, some of which were printed in the 15th, and more in the 16th and 17th centuries.

We mentioned recently, in a note upon the collection of photographs of lightning flashes made by the Royal Meteorological Society of London, that in this collection no photographs were found which would justify the traditional angular flash usually represented by artists. In a later paper read before the same Society, Mr. E. S. Bruce endeavors to show that the "zig-zag" flash may have its counterpart in nature consistently with the evidence furnished by the Society's collection of photographs. He suggests that the zig-zag appearance is not the flash itself, but "the optically projected image of the flash formed on the uneven surfaces of the clouds." The author further says: "It is fairly well recognized that sheet lightning is the reflection of a flash on a cloud; but if there happens to be a cloud with a small opening in it, somewhere between the actual flash and the distant surface of clouds, there will be "projection" lightning,—that is, the image of the flash, whose shape will depend upon the shape of the cloud upon which it is cast.

We learn from *Science* that Professors F. W. Clarke and H. W. Wiley, representing committees appointed by the Chemical Society of Washington, the Chemical Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists, have submitted the following statement: During the past two years the formation of a continental chemical society has been much discussed. A committee, of which Professor A. B. Prescott was chairman, presented a report upon the subject at the last meeting of the American Association, and that report was in the main favorable. A new committee, however, was appointed to secure fuller information, and will report at the next meeting of the association, in August, 1890, at Indianapolis. The plan which has so far been chiefly considered is in brief as follows: to organize a continental chemical society, representative of all North America, by affiliating as far as possible existing local organizations; the society as a whole to hold an annual meeting, while local sections; like the sections of the British Society for Chemical Industry, shall have their regular, frequent gatherings in as many scientific centres as possible, all publishing their work in one official journal.

Some interesting facts have been brought out by Dr. G. M. Dawson concerning the area of Canada which has not yet been explored. The entire area of the Dominion is estimated to be 3,470,257 square miles, and of this Dr. Dawson calculates 954,000

square miles, exclusive of the Arctic regions, is practically unknown. This gives a proportion of one-third to one-fourth unexplored, and it is believed this proportion is the minimum, because, as above stated, the Arctic regions are excluded. Dr. Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, recently said that not one-tenth of the province of Ontario had been explored. Although further explanation is desirable, Dr. Dawson hopes that the task will be approached by those only who have some knowledge of geology and botany, as well as such scientific training as to enable them to make intelligent and accurate observations.

The following facts in relation to the proposed visit of the British Iron and Steel Institute to the United States, are given in *Nature*, (June 12): "There will be three different sets of meetings,—the meetings of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, which take place in New York on September 29 and 30; the meetings of the Iron and Steel Institute, which take place in the same city on October 1, 2, and 3; and the international meeting promoted jointly by these two societies, which will take place about the middle of October, at Pittsburg. The excursions which have been planned by the American Reception Committee, of which Mr. Andrew Carnegie is Chairman, provide for about 3,000 miles of free transportation through the United States. The principal excursions will be to the iron-ore and copper regions of Lake Superior, to Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Chicago, and the new iron-making district of Alabama. About 300 members of the Iron and Steel Institute and 100 German ironmasters have intimated their intention of taking part in the meetings. Papers have been promised for the meetings by Sir Towthian Bell, Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, Sir Henry Roscoe, and others." The President of the Institute, Sir James Kitson, will be one of the party.

CURRENT EXCERPTS.

SENATOR QUAY'S "VINDICATION."

New York Independent.

To a large element of the Republican Party in Pennsylvania the rule of Senator Quay has been irksome. They have felt his yoke to be a heavy yoke, and they hoped that in the State Convention, which met last week, it might somehow be broken. They have come far short of success; in fact, they have been overwhelmingly defeated. Not only has Mr. Quay's candidate been nominated for Governor, but the Convention went so far as to put him in the platform in a most remarkable way. We are constrained to quote the whole of the plank:

"For the Chairman of our National Committee, M. S. Quay, we feel a lasting sense of gratitude for his matchless services in the last Presidential campaign. As a citizen, a member of the General Assembly, as Secretary of the Commonwealth under two successive administrations, as State Treasurer by the overwhelming suffrage of his fellow-citizens, and as Senator of the United States, he has won and retains our respect and confidence."

It is known to everybody in the United States who belongs to the reading public that the gravest charges have been publicly made and strongly supported against Senator Quay. These charges involve the commission of a crime. It is alleged that when he was State Treasurer, on two different occasions, he took large amounts of money from the State Treasury and invested it for his own purposes. On one of these occasions the investment was successful, and the money was returned. On the other occasion the investment was not successful, and certain wealthy men, it is said, were appealed to to help him out of the difficulty. To save a party scandal they advanced him the money, and it was restored to the State Treasury.

These are in substance the charges, and they are given with such particularity of details, with names, dates, places, and circumstances, that if they were not true it would have been an easy matter to expose their falsehood. They have not been specifically denied. Toward them Senator Quay has observed the policy of utter silence. The fact that the alleged crime was committed years ago does not make it less shameful or shocking, nor less indefensible that such a man, unpurged, should continue to be recognized as a party leader.

The plank which we have quoted, intended to be a vindication, is not a vindication. It is true that the representatives of the Republican party in Pennsylvania in convention assembled have put it forth as a vindication; but the only possible vindication is that which shall come as a verdict of a committee or court after a full examination of the whole subject. It is not alleged that such an examination has been made; even a denial is, as we have said, wanting. It would have been vastly better, therefore, for the convention to be utterly silent than to intrude a simple, meaningless expression of its confidence upon the public.

This "vindication" has been received with something like dismay by some of the most loyal and devoted adherents of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. It is regarded as a political

blunder; but it is said that the candidate who labors under the disadvantage which Senator Quay's championship imposes has the large margin in his favor of the eighty thousand Republican majority given in the presidential year. Yet we are reminded that the Republican majority in Pennsylvania may be overcome, because it has been overcome. Pennsylvania had a Democratic Governor in 1884, and a very excellent Governor Mr. Pattison made. It is within the range of possibilities that he will be Pennsylvania's next Governor.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

Albany Press.

MR. WARNER MILLER, wisely forgetting his having "fallen outside the breastworks," stops talking politics and devotes himself to the Adirondacks, discussing the great necessity of taking measures to protect the State forests. It is a timely topic, and the quicker the leading men of the State and the country give this subject the attention it deserves the better. It is certainly true that, if some measure is not taken to prevent the wholesale destruction of young trees that is now going on in the forests of the Adirondack mountains, we will have nothing left of what was once and may again be the finest hunting ground that man knows.

An association intending to protect the trees has recently been formed with Mr. Miller as President. The plan is to get the State to make an appropriation to purchase a large tract of land for a State park, costing possibly \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000. It might be a very good investment for the State's money, for a public forest properly managed would, in a short time, become a source of great revenue to the State. In Germany enough money is derived from the State forests to nearly support the standing army, and that is an enormous sum. Aside from the material results, the benefit to be derived by humanity in general by the preservation of the forests is striking. Upon this point Mr. Miller said: "I suppose the lives of eight out of every ten people sent to these woods are saved by the piny air. 'But the woodman is fast changing the territory from a sanitarium to a pest-house,' as my friend, Professor Loomis, very eloquently remarked the other evening. But, seriously, the air in that part of the country is undoubtedly of great benefit to people with lung trouble, and there is no reason in the world why they should not have such a place kept for them. The hue and cry has been raised that we want to drive the lumber men out of business. Nothing could be farther from our intentions. We don't object to have the trees cut down when they are fully matured. What we do object to is the wanton destruction of the young saplings. I have gone through the Adirondack woods in the lumber season and seen thousands of young trees torn up by the roots and flung aside. Such destruction can benefit no one, and must be put an end to. To my mind, the remedy for this evil lies in the German system of forestry. In the Black Mountains there are vast tracts of wooded lands, where the trees are planted in regular lines, as corn in the country you know, and when a tree becomes matured it is cut down, the roots are dug out and a sapling is planted in its place. That, you will find, is the way to preserve our forests. This question is a very serious one, and I hope and expect that legislative action will be taken upon it in the near future."

THE REAL OBJECTION.

Minneapolis Journal.

GENERAL SLOCUM tells the veterans of the Grand Army that they are in danger of asking too much and of being "thought to make mendicants of themselves." That is a frequent argument against liberal pensions, and while it will be conceded that the country has been liberal in its treatment of its defenders, that is not the argument that appeals to the average citizen against indiscriminate pensioning. It is the failure to recognize a difference between the man who needs the pension and one who does not that is not approved. The people of this country are willing and anxious to provide for the comfort of every needy veteran, but they are not now and never will be willing to pension the rich and able-bodied and those whose necessities are otherwise well provided for. And to base a pension claim on anything else than the necessities of the individual, or of those dependent on him, is to cheapen the element of patriotism which inspired the service rendered by the soldier and reduce him in the public estimation to the rank of a mercenary. This would be a misfortune to him and the whole country that cannot be over-estimated. It is not that the pension lists are growing long and that it costs so much to pay them; it doesn't make any difference what it costs if the old soldiers or those dependent on them, and not able to take care of themselves, need it; it is the tendency to open wide the doors, and, with indiscriminating prodigality, to distribute the bounties of the Government where they are not needed that is objected to—and with most excellent reason, too.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

New York Herald.

NEWFOUNDLAND is about 300 miles across at its broadest part and a little over 400 miles long. Its people are peculiar, as all insular folk are, but rugged, hardy, honest, and hospitable to a degree.

The whole interior is an unknown territory. Only one white man has ever made the journey from east to west, a Mr. Cormack, who accomplished the feat in 1829. Consequently there is no map of Newfoundland extant which is in any degree reliable. It is a very curious fact that a valuable tract of land, with coal, iron, and silver in its bowels, and perfectly accessible to the explorers, should remain so long unknown.

The inhabitants live on the water and have no interest whatever in farming. What they eat and wear is all imported. Hard tack, tea, and fish constitute their diet from one year to another, and on the poor man's table meat is seldom seen. They are skilled sailors, but they would stumble over a plough and break their necks. The coast is their home, all they know anything about, except the wild waste of waters from which they get their living and in which so many find their graves. Ten miles from the rocks on which their cabins are built you enter upon a wilderness well stocked with game, watered by rivers in which trout are plenty, but the people leave it undisturbed by axe or agriculture.

The quaint city of St. Johns reminds one of the mellow and mystical mediæval days. It has thrift, but is old-fashioned. At night the watchman still patrols the streets droning out the hours in stentorian voice and ending with the refrain "All's well!"

Some day enterprise will rub its eyes open, and then Newfoundland will offer a new field for capital and speculation.

DRIFT.

THE view *Harper's Weekly* takes of the action of the Harrisburg Convention is thus stated, in its issue of July 5:

"The action of the Republican Convention of Pennsylvania is the most extraordinary action upon record of an intelligent body of American free-men. Mr. Quay is accused by some of the most reputable journals in the country, and the accusation is trenchantly urged upon the country by one of the most eminent citizens of Pennsylvania as imperatively demanding explanation, of criminally tampering with the public money while a State officer. The charges are made in detail. Figures and names and circumstances are plainly mentioned. Mr. Quay is invited and defied to sue for libel; he is taunted in terms as a thief. No honorable public man in our history, not Washington himself, would have allowed such charges so made to pass absolutely unnoticed. When a whisper of suspicion of official malfeasance was breathed against Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, he met it instantly and silenced it forever, but at an unspeakable cost of private feeling.

"There is no doubt whatever that by an immense number of his fellow-citizens, including a very large part of the members of his own party, the charges are believed as they are made. If unfounded, nothing could be easier than to disprove them, and to bring the libellous papers to exemplary punishment, amid the general applause of the country. But Mr. Quay preserves an unbroken silence, and the Republicans of Pennsylvania in their Convention, with entire unanimity and without debate, declare their lasting gratitude, respect, and confidence for him as a citizen and a public officer, specifying particularly his service in the offices in which his dishonesty is alleged.

"This abject abasement of a Convention to a man under such circumstances is entirely without precedent. It asks and receives no explanation, and does the will of a party leader as passively and ignobly as a Siamese courtier crawls upon his stomach toward his King. The declarations of such a body upon public questions are of no importance whatever, because if Mr. Quay, under existing circumstances, is its type of a public officer to be trusted and applauded, it is indifferent to honest government."

The Emperor of Russia is building a new yacht, which will be more than twice the size of the Osborne. She is intended to be a vessel of great speed, and all the latest improvements will be introduced, including the electric light. The saloons and cabins will be marvels of comfort and luxury, and there is to be dining accommodation for 200 persons. The yacht will be used by the Emperor for cruising in the Gulf of Finland and in the Baltic, and for his annual visit to Denmark, as his Majesty has conceived a horror of railways since the accident in which the imperial family so narrowly escaped destruction. This yacht, which is named the *Pole Star*, is 325 feet long and 46 feet in depth. She is fitted with twin screws and is so built that she can easily be converted into a cruiser in case of war. The first service of the *Pole Star* will be to convey the Czarowitch and his brother, the Grand Duke George, to India, China, and Japan.—*London World*.

The New York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger* says:

It is clear that the action of Archbishop Corrigan in removing Rev. Dr. Burtzell from the Church of the Epiphany in this city to the charge of a church in Rondout, N. Y., has been confirmed by the Pope. Mgr. Preston, who represents the Archbishop during his visit to Rome, says that, while he has received no official notice of the Papal decision, he has no doubt that such a decision has been rendered. Dr. Burtzell declines to be interviewed in regard to the matter. The impression is that he will obey the Papal commands and retire from the pastorate he has held for 23 years. Dr. Burtzell, it will be remembered, testified at the trial of the case of John McGuire, who was denied burial because he had died at an Anti-Poverty Society meet-

ing presided over by Dr. McGlynn, an excommunicated Priest. Dr. Burtzell's testimony was directly opposed to the Calvary Cemetery Trustees, who refused the burial, and his testimony as to the powers of the Church gave great offense to his superiors. The papal decision upholding Archbishop Corrigan should put at rest all stories of the Archbishop's lack of favor at Rome. The differences between him and Dr. Burtzell, while, technically, differences relative to the interpretation of canonical law, really involved something more than that.

Father Ignatius, the Anglican "Benedictine" monk, is a free lance. He has come to this country partly to carry on a "mission" in this city next fall, and partly to raise money for his convent, which he has established under the revived appellation of St. Benedict. His head is closely shaven, except a curling fringe about the ears; he wears leather sandals on his bare feet, and a long rosary and a crucifix attached to his belt. Indeed, he imitates the genuine Catholic monk admirably. He was asked by a reporter if he brought any credentials to Bishop Potter; but replied that he had brought none, had not called upon the Bishop, and thought it no breach of ecclesiastical courtesy to come into this or any other Episcopal diocese to preach and collect money. Not belonging to the American Protestant Episcopal Church he cannot be hauled up for breach of canons; but an American priest who should attempt such an irregular procedure would or might be disciplined. When Phillips Brooks and Dr. Donald lately took part in the services of installation of Dr. Lyman Abbott, they were guilty of no breach of canonical law; they carefully avoided it. But when Phillips Brooks preaches in the Harvard College chapel or Dr. Donald in the Cornell University chapel, they are careful to get the permission first of the Episcopal clergyman of the parish, without whose permission they would not preach in its limits, as that would be against the canons. We presume Bishop Potter could appeal to Father Ignatius's Anglican Bishop, but this kind of ecclesiastic does not care much for the authority of bishops.—*Independent*.

A remark made in the House of Representatives yesterday by Mr. Cummings of New York, betrays a complete misunderstanding of the purpose of the Original Package bill. He opposed its consideration, saying that "the saving of life at sea was more important than the passing of a bill for the benefit of Prohibitionist cranks." The Original Package bill has been made necessary by a decision of the Supreme Court that breaks down not only prohibition measures, but all laws regulating the sale of liquors in the several States. It is a necessary piece of legislation for the saving of lives on land. Radical Prohibitionists might be expected to oppose the proposed law, for, under existing conditions, the sale of liquor in all States is made in a measure absolutely free of regulation and, unless remedial legislation is passed, the only recourse of the people will be national prohibition. The Original Package bill, instead of being for the benefit of Prohibitionist cranks, is for the benefit of that larger body who believe that State regulation of the sale of liquor produces better results than prohibition.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Speaking of Clement Garnett Morgan, the colored class orator of Harvard, the Boston *Pilot* grimly observes: "When his oration was ended, and Morgan stepped out of Harvard and into the world, he ceased to be a 'gentleman' and an equal, and at one descent fell to the level of 'the nigger' who could never be invited to one's house or proposed at one's club, who would be refused a room at nearly all leading hotels, even in the North, and who would not be tolerated even in church in the half-empty pew of polite worshippers. Clement Garnett Morgan has trials and heart-burnings before him, and we wish him strength and wisdom to bear them. We trust that he who spoke so well of 'vicarious suffering' in his oration last week, will feel that by his superior mental training he is called upon not to evade but to take the blow meant for his colored brethren."

Dr. Soetbeer, a German statistician, states that silver has been steadily decreasing in value ever since the first century following the discovery of America, when 1 ounce of gold was equal to 11½ ounces of silver. During this century the ratio has never been less than 1 to 15, and has steadily increased until 1888, when the ratio was about 1 to 22. This decrease in value seems to have been due to a great extent to the large increase in the annual output of the American mines, which in 1861 was only \$2,000,000, and in 1888 was \$59,159,000. Silver in the London market was quoted at 41½d per ounce in 1858 and 45d per ounce in 1889, but during the last few weeks, owing to the speculative stimulus given to the market by prospective silver legislation in Congress, the market value in London has risen to 48a48½d, and in this country to 104a106.

An agitation has been started in Paris by a small but influential journal to chase the English from the opera. The grievance appears to be not against English residents, who, for the most part, accustom themselves very rapidly to the polite exigencies of the polite city, but against the unfortunate tourists who are brought over by the "specially conducted" agencies. These, says the journal in question, come to the opera in most ignoble style, with untanned shoes, check ulsters, and billycock hats. They often occupy the best places, and are thoroughly repugnant to their French neighbors. The writer of the articles calls upon Parisians to "chase the English from the opera until they know how to present themselves in decent style."

A Pittsburg journal, the *Tin Plate Record*, asserts that "every tinned-plate importer in the country has been assessed \$10,000, and the English syndicate which controls the manufactories and mines in Monmouthshire and Cornwall has augmented this sum to nearly \$1,000,000 in order to defeat the tin plate clause in the McKinley Tariff bill.

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Volume XX

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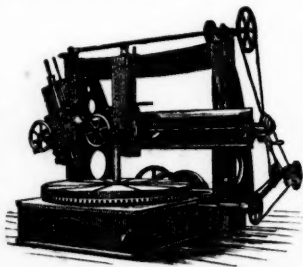
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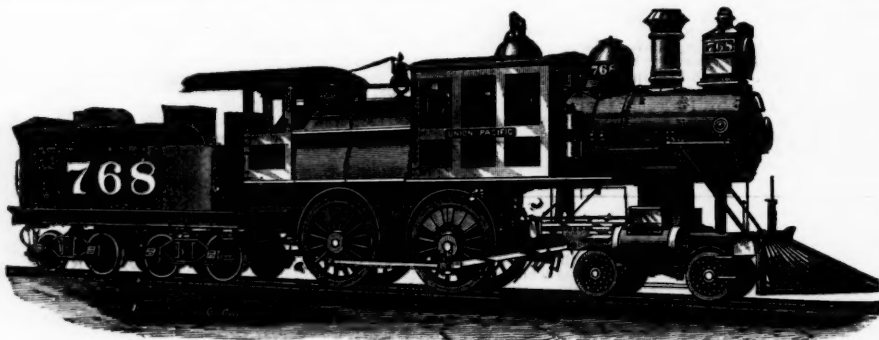
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